People of the Blue Water

[TITLE Page].

My Adventures Among the Walapai and Havasupai Indians

by Flora Gregg Iliff

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

[p. 102]

Report for the Great Father in Washington

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I hopped out of bed at five o'clock the next morning, forgetting the little scorpions whose toes I had promised to singe. I faced many problems, but my immediate concern was to form a mess. That was solved when Frances offered to do the cooking and Miss Goenawein, Mr. Burnett and I agreed to buy the groceries.

"What were the other superintendent's duties?" I asked at breakfast. I was determined to keep the school up to its former standard during the month I would be in charge.

"Teaching seventy-two children," Frances said, grinning, doubtless expecting this information to floor me.

"Mr. Ewing told me about the seventy-two pupils," I answered.

"Issuing drugs to sick Indians," she continued.

"I am neither a pharmacist nor an M.D.," I objected.

"Also settling the Indians' disputes." She hesitated a moment, then laughed and added, "Oh, I almost forgot one important duty. You climb the big cottonwood east of the house to take readings from a government thermometer and mail them to Washington."

"Tree-climbing too!" I exclaimed. "I've *really* been promoted. At the day school I was delouser, manager of the bath, cook, engineer and principal teacher; salary, sixty dollars per month. Now, for fifteen extra, I am doctor, judge, teacher, superintendent, weather reporter and tree climber. Six positions for the salary of one!"

[pp. i, iv-xii, 1-101 not processed]

Later, I went out to have a look at the cottonwood tree that held the thermometer. It hugged the wall of the house, spreading heavy branches over the roof. A few years afterward, this tree became very important to one of my successors. He and his wife saved their lives by climbing as high as its creaking limbs would allow while a flood raged below. 000

A short ladder leaned against the gnarled trunk. By standing with one foot on its top rung, the other on a stout limb, I would be able to read the thermometer that was enclosed in a rectangular box, nailed to the tree's trunk. I had played in trees in my childhood; tree climbing had always been fun. But now, when I tried to picture myself in my ankle-length skirts perched on a rung of the ladder and a limb of the tree, peering into that box, I couldn't bring the picture into focus; I didn't want to. But that didn't keep me from taking the readings and sending the reports to Washington. The canyon's temperature, I learned, varied by ten degrees [132] from that of the mesa, winter or summer. Even nature applied a special law to the land of the People of the Blue Water.

Mr. Ewing had been right about our isolation. I was soon 205 hungry for news from the outside. Our mail was brought by Indian carrier from Seligman, and this was "mail day." We were so eager for letters that by the time the sun's rays had left the canyon at three o'clock, we were already watching the trail, hoping the carrier had made a faster trip than usual. However, we had lighted the lamps before Spoonhead came riding in with the mail-sack thrown across his saddle.

It was the first time I had seen Spoonhead, but I did not need [551] to speculate as [illegible] the origin of his name; just as the Indians declared, his head was shaped like the bowl of a spoon.

Miss Goenawein kept the post office in one corner of her room. She sorted the mail while we waited. Among my letters was one 000 from Mr. Ewing, asking me to prepare an annual report for the Commissioner of Indian Affairs covering conditions on the reservation for the past year, a duty neglected by my predecessor. It was long overdue, and he urged that I submit it immediately. Although

000 I had not been at the school long enough to acquire the needed information, it was evident that I would have to submit a report of some kind.

123 To learn the form and material embodied in such accounts, I studied the reports on file, beginning with the one drawn up in 1895 by the teacher who had established the school. He and his farmer, with the help of the Indians, had hauled the stone and put up the buildings in which we now lived. When he arrived in the canyon, after the drive from Seligman and the descent of a far more primitive trail than we had traveled, he found no shelter for himself and wife, nothing to work with, nothing to work for
[515] except the Indians, whose children he described as "wearing a covering of grease, mescal juice, and filth, fearfully and wonderfully combined." After he knew them better and had recovered from the shock of that first impression, he wrote of them as "sturdy, simple mountaineers, who simply asked to be let alone."
[684] When he reported: "Death by perishing from thirst on the desert is the punishment to women for promiscuous amours," I knew that the Havasupai were stark realists, daring and stoical, and I would not have a dull moment.

439 I also came across an order for one thousand eight hundred pounds of dried peaches which I must purchase from the Indians and ship to other Indian schools for use on the children's tables, and an order for twenty cords of wood to be bought and shipped.
648 I learned, too, that the superintendent must co-operate with the officials of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, who controlled the plateau region surrounding the small Havasupai Reservation. There were many infringements of law by the Indians, who claimed the reserve as their age-old hunting ground, and the officials made occasional trips to the school to request an investigation.

595 Among the orders was one prohibiting polygamy. The busy, contented Havasupai seemed so free from the evils afflicting the Walapai that I was convinced that no man in the tribe claimed two wives, although I knew that some of the older Walapai men
000 had two or more. These Indians apparently had no knowledge of

These Indians apparently had no knowledge of 273
peyote. There was no intoxicating liquor of any kind on the
reservation. I was beginning to realize that, on the surface, life in 000
this canyon might be like living among children, except when
savage tempers were aroused—and then? Well, I had asked for
adventure.

I still did not know what to write in that annual report.

The school session had been interrupted by the departure of 224
the former superintendent. Vacation, at this school, came in the 222
fall, when the entire tribe made an exodus to the mesa to hunt
game and to gather wild seeds and plants, so I planned to open
school on Monday morning, asking Vesnor to notify the people
in the village. The following Saturday I would be free to take a 161
census of the tribe and determine the acreage under cultivation. So 311
far, I had no basis whatever from which to work out the report
Mr. Ewing wanted. But by verifying the statement of a former
teacher that there were two hundred fifty Indians in the tribe and
three hundred fifty acres in gardens and orchards, I could incorporate his figures in my report to Washington.

Even in summer, the sun did not rise in our part of the canyon 132
until after nine o'clock, so it was still gloomy and damp when I
crossed the grounds to the school building Monday morning. The 133
school plant stood at the head of the stream, the dividing line
between the upper, desert end of the canyon and the lower section, a jungle of greenness. Immediately behind our schoolhouse
stood a column of stone about three hundred feet high, partly
detached from the wall by rain and frost. If it fell, it would bury
the schoolhouse beneath tons of rock. The danger seemed imminent as I gazed at the upper end of the column, standing straight
and free. Later, I learned that such columns topple over only
after a flood.

I had rung the warning bell, and it was time for school, but no 812
children had appeared. Then the bushes parted violently and 177
dozens of little Indians burst through on the run. Behind them,
maneuvering his well-trained pony with all the skill of a cattleman
rounding up strays, rode Vesnor. The older pupils followed more

872 leisurely; Vesnor did not drive those who came of their own
177 volition. Nevertheless, this method of bringing children to school
seemed wholly unnecessary, if not cruel.

"Why do you drive them?" I protested. "They should come to school without that."

"I no bring, swim in creek all day. I got no time to fool," came his indignant answer.

Vesnor's method of maintaining an average attendance of seventy-one out of an enrollment of seventy-two doubtless had been instituted by a former teacher, and must have grown out of necessity. I decided not to change it until I became better acquainted with conditions governing school attendance.

The children were timid, but wholesome and obedient and
[157] gifted with a pleasing native charm for they had come in contact
with almost no white people except those employed at the school.
[142] Their complexions were light, because most of their day was
without sunshine. They came to school with faces cleanly scrubbed,
[515] hair sleek and often still dripping wet, and wearing clean uniforms. They had that beautiful stream, while the Walapai had
only the water the women carried a long distance in cans or in
woven bottles suspended from straps across their foreheads. Very
[342] noticeable, too, was the effect of their permanent homes compared
to the temporary shacks in which their cousin tribe lived. We allowed these children to wear their school uniforms home, where they folded them neatly and laid them over a pole near the ceiling of the house before they dashed out to play in the stream. What a relief it was—no faces to wash, no hair to comb, no sores to treat, no bath day!

Finally seventy-one children had crowded into the room (built to accommodate forty-six!). All—except Lucy. There was a suspicious silence when I called her name. The children stared at me with their honest eyes, but refused to explain her absence. So I read them a story and we sang songs until the room was light enough for study.

Recess gave us a breath of fresh air out under the trees. And how we needed it! The air in the room was thick with the smell 812 177 of sweating bodies and campfire smoke. I kept wondering why Lucy was not in school that day, so asked Sue, her sister. Sue was an intelligent girl of thirteen, and quite unhappy about Lucy. She 584 told me that her father had sold her sister to an elderly widower because he offered more blankets and corn than the boy with whom Lucy was in love could pay. I wondered if I should rescue Lucy from the old widower's clutches, and argued the matter with myself until the task of trying to teach seventy-one pupils in that hot room drove all thought of her thwarted romance from my mind.

Shortly before the noon recess, the room grew dark, except for 812 177 occasional flashes of lightning. Heavy rolls of thunder reverberated up and down the canyon. Rain was pouring at dismissal time, so we sang songs until the quick summer shower had passed. Unless Frances and her detail of boys and girls had the food cooked before the rain came, there would be no hot lunch for the children, since the cooking was done out of doors. The dining tables stood under the big tree in front of our cottage.

The officers marched their companies to the tables, which had been hastily wiped off and set after the shower. There were dishes of stew and cooked dried fruit on each table. I tapped the bell for silence, and the children said grace, yanked the stools from under the tables and began filling their plates. The habit of eating hurriedly [264] was their heritage from the days in the not distant past, when too many meals had been interrupted by enemy raids.

As a special honor, and also because we needed their help, we seated an older boy at one end of every table and an older girl at the opposite end, each an officer. They served the smaller children, then usually got too busy with their own meal to give further attention. So I supervised the serving of the food, giving help where needed and encouraging correct table manners.

The waiters brought plates of hot biscuits; they were emptied as they touched the tables but when the biscuits were broken open, the inside was soft dough. The shrub, under which the range

872 stood, had been too meager a protection; the rain had put out the
177 fire, leaving the biscuits half baked.

In the warehouse, we had stacks of wooden boxes filled with
872 hardtack—hard, saltless crackers. We opened one of these boxes
177 and served the hardtack, but not one was touched by the children.
262 Frances, who understood the situation, called me aside and laughing, explained.

"It happened a few weeks before you came and we've joked about it ever since," she said. "The Indian women were hired to pack the hardtack down the trail on their burros. One of the burros bumped a case against an outjutting ledge, breaking it open. We suspected that the women had a hand in the accident—gave the burro a shove, maybe—for they are always ready to eat. They gorged themselves, then climbed down to a spring and drank all the water they wanted. Believe me, they were sick! When they finally staggered down to the village, they branded the hardtack 'bad medicine,' saying over and over, '*Hanatoopegal* (No good).' Since then the children will not touch hardtack."

Unless the children could be persuaded to eat the crackers, they would leave the table hungry; also our entire supply would be wasted. I had used experiments many times to intrigue the interest of my public school pupils; a very simple one might do the trick now. I held up one of the hardtack for them to see, calling attention to its size. I laid it in a dish of water and in almost breathless silence they watched it swell and swell. I explained that their mothers had eaten too many crackers and drunk too much water, making their stomachs too full. That was why they suffered.

The children caught the picture of the women's greed causing
[522] their pain, and laughed. Like all people who live precariously, the Havasupai found relief from hardship and danger in a ready sense of humor. The discomfiture of even one's own mother was funny, except in cases of illness or severe suffering. But the experiment had restored hardtack to its rightful place as a food. They ate it with their former relish.

262 When I dismissed school that evening, we had no need of

Vesnor and his horse. The children scampered off through the 262
brush on the trail that led to the village. At home there would be
food, the kind they were accustomed to and for which they hungered in a way no white man's viands could satisfy. Perhaps it 262
would be the delicious corn bread their mothers made by crushing 252
grains of new corn to a pulp, molding it into elongated shapes
which were fitted into the husks of green corn and baked in the
ashes. The bread would be rich and sweet and more delicious than
any hardtack ever made. Or if it were the season for little green
squashes, there would be another treat. The squash, cooked,
mashed and mixed with the cooked grains of new corn, was a
delicacy so enjoyed that the thought of it could start the children's
feet running toward home. There would be food at every house
they passed on the trail, and a Havasupai shared as generously as [574]
our own ancestors did before we measured our sustenance by its
cost in dollars and cents.

That week another letter came from Mr. Ewing demanding 000
that I submit the annual report immediately. He added the important news that the Hackberry Day School would open in the fall as the Truxton Canyon Training School. This would be the fulfillment of the promise he had made to the Walapai that he would establish a boarding school for their children.

Early Saturday morning I started to the Indian village to get 631
additional information to incorporate in the annual report. The
trail hugged the foot of the west wall. I had passed scattered
wickiups, tucked back among the willows, before I came to a high,
precipitous section of the wall that narrowed the passage. Bob, 776
one of the tribe's medicine men, had told me that the god-spirit 823
lived in two columns of stone on the rim of this inthrust section.
The Indians had discovered these at the time they had settled in
the canyon.

I had an excellent view of the two great pillars of red sandstone, as tranquil and aloof as images of Buddha. Neither white man nor Indian could fail to be impressed by them. What force placed them in that exposed position? How had they stood through the

176 823 ages, battered by gales and floods which had brought down sections of the wall itself? The Indians must have asked themselves these questions many times. The wise men of the tribe gave them a satisfying answer: the indestructible god-spirit lived there to watch over and protect the people in their new home. The Indians spoke of these gods with the naturalness with which one mentions a neighbor or a friend.

"Our gods make gardens grow good. They watch over the people," they told me confidently.

And in a sense, I was indebted to their gods for this greatest adventure of my life. The Indians' well-being depended on these god-spirits, so they had refused to leave the canyon. When the Indian Office considered establishing a school for the Havasupai children, pressure was brought to induce the Indians to move to the plateau. It would be simpler for them to move out of the canyon than for the government to freight equipment for the school across the desert and down the precipitous trail. But the Indians became bewildered and frightened. "If we leave our gods, we die!" they cried. So the school came down to them. Yet the officials located it a little too far up the gorge for the gods to guard it with a watchful eye, which may account for the fact that, later on, it was destroyed by a flood.

631 311 Just beyond the gods, the walls swung apart. The broad, level floor between was occupied by the village. Spaciousness of land and sky inspired a sense of freedom. The cultivated acres were laid out like a checkerboard, in somewhat irregular squares, each displaying the mixed greenery of gardens and orchards. A fence of brush or poles enclosed each square, emphasizing the mosaic effect. The Indians had not completely removed the wilderness from the canyon; the stream could be traced by the tangle of wild vegetation lining its banks, and dense thickets claimed too much of the land. Old willow trees and cottonwoods dominated the scene.

342 The houses sat cosily near the gardens, or were connected with them by tree-shaded lanes. There were several half-dugouts, but

most of the houses were rectangular or dome-shaped. Their construction involved no expense. A man needed only poles, brush and dirt; by exchanging work with neighbors, his shelter was soon completed. There were no windows; the low doorways were closed with a blanket or a rough board door, hung on leather hinges. 342 [476]

Everywhere men, women and children were working in their gardens, stirring the soil, planting the seed, irrigating, weeding and cultivating the growing plants, although the sun's rays would not reach them for hours. They boasted that they worked in their gardens and orchards when it was "little light"; then the canyon was cool, the soil soft and pliable. 241 [512]

The fascination of watching them grow their food, preserve it and store it far outweighed my interest in gathering dry statistics, but Mr. Ewing wanted facts and figures. I knew I would encounter difficulties in getting the necessary information, especially from the older people who spoke no English.

At Chickapanyegi's home I watched the family at work on their small plot of ground. Chickapanyegi was irrigating his patch of corn. When he heard me approach, he turned, a quizzical, batlike expression puckering his countenance. The Indians must have noted that same expression, for his name, Chickapanyegi, meant "bat." [557]

Here, again, the people appealed to those benevolent, unseen forces, especially in the first planting of their corn. The planter knelt on the ground, struck a wedge-shaped stick deep into the earth to loosen the soil, then offered a prayer that his corn might grow well, and dropped the seed into the place he had prepared. This done, he made an offering to two white blotches on the wall of the gorge—the first mythical ears of corn given to the people by their gods—by blowing toward them one grain of corn. At the conclusion of this sacred rite, the planting of the remaining ground was done in the usual manner. 241 782

Chickapanyegi's wife was weeding the plot, while his son, Jess, one of my pupils, was stirring the ground with a shaped piece of wood which he pushed through the soil like a small plow. 241

241 Their garden was lush with corn, beans, pumpkins, watermelons and sunflowers that grew large seed heads. Purple figs and red-cheeked peaches grew at one end of the plot.

Chickapanyegi worked unhurriedly, pushing the dirt aside with his bare toes to open the floodgates, letting the water gush through to fill the ditches that ran between his rows of vegetables. Toes did the work of fingers, opening ditches or packing the soil to close them, picking up sticks and stones and piling them ready to be removed. Here was a way of life new to me and very intriguing.
000 The Walapai that I knew lived in idleness on bare sand, accepting government rations, a few working at odd jobs. These people produced and stored food, not only for the immediate future, but for years ahead. At one time, the Walapai, too, had been self-supporting and self-sufficient; then agents of the government had come, using rations as a buying power, and had established controls that crushed initiative.

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412 The Havasupai had devised their own garden tools, even making a spade by fashioning the blade and handle from a long, flat piece of wood. They used the shoulder blades of horses or anything they could get that would loosen the soil or chop weeds. Obviously they were greatly handicapped by these primitive tools; sticks, bones and toes were poor substitutes for spades, hoes and rakes. The Indians themselves restricted production by refusing to till inherited land until it had lain fallow for a year or more. The spirit of the dead might at any time return to its former home, so they would not make immediate use of such land, partly through fear, but also to show respect to the former owner. Thus many acres of fertile soil lay fallow, necessitating more intensive cultivation of the land in use.

241 Tending their crops and preserving their food was the main object in life for the people of this village. Always the crop was divided into portions: some for eating, some held for an emergency, but the best kept for seed.

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674 Chickapanyegi's rectangular house stood near his garden. The flat, brush-covered roof, topped with earth, and the sides, thatched

with heavy boughs still fully leafed, kept the interior cool. An 342
open porch sheltered the doorway. When his wife wiped the soil 574
from her hands and entered the house, I intended to follow, but
hesitated as I caught the odor of cooking meat. It came from a
lard pail, propped on stones over an outdoor fire. She turned and
motioned for me to lift the lid; she was pleased that they had
fresh meat, for it was far from plentiful. Curious to know what [262]
she was cooking for the family dinner, I uncovered the pail.

Two large glassy eyes stared at me from above the boiling 252
water, and made the cooking rabbit seem alive. The hairy ears
stood erect increasing the impression. The skinned body had been
crammed into the bucket, but the head had refused to remain
submerged. The lid dropped, clattering from my hand. Since then
I have not cared to eat rabbit!

The interior of Chickapanyegi's house was arranged like all 353
well-kept Havasupai homes: rolled bedding in the depressions in
the floor where the family slept; personal possessions tied in a
cloth and hung above the bed; and the inevitable pole, just below
the ceiling, loaded with rabbit skin blankets, fiber mats, Navaho
blankets and clothing not in use. Poles supported drying ears of [251]
corn and spirals of squash that brushed the head and shoulders as
one moved about within the house.

I wanted next to see Gentle Annie's home. Her house would 574
not be neat and spotless if Gentle Annie was the housekeeper.
She was old and tired from the wars she had survived and the
hardships life had dealt her. I found her standing at the door of
her dome-shaped wickiup. Her wrinkled face and bright black
eyes held friendliness. That may have been why she was known
to Indians and to whites as Gentle Annie, the only name I ever
heard for her.

A brand-new bedroom chamber, pink roses painted on its yellow
side, stood on a box near by—filled with delicately browned navy
beans.

With toil-worn hands Gentle Annie reached up to the lintel, 574
took down a hard, dry slab about twelve inches wide by sixteen 262

514 262 long, folded back the cloth in which it was wrapped and breaking off a small chunk, handed it to me saying, "Eat!" How long it had lain there, growing harder and drier with age, I had no way of knowing, but to refuse her hospitality would give offense. I took a bite. At first it tasted like dried sweet potato, but the mass grew bigger and bigger until my mouth was full of coarse, hard fibers. I made an excuse for leaving, that I might get rid of it without hurting Gentle Annie's pride. I learned later that the Indians dried mescal in sheets and stored it as this slab had been stored, so I may have had my first and only taste of mescal.

343 251 When I arrived at Little Jim's home, his wife E-e was leaving to empty and clean her storehouse. I accompanied her for I wanted to learn more of their ancient and peculiar method of storing food. The small stone granary, with a round opening for the insertion or removal of food, was built in a crevice in the canyon wall. The hard stratum beneath made a solid floor that rodents could not [333] penetrate. Neither could they work their way through the stone walls, plastered with a hard cement of native manufacture from material available in the canyon. There was a never-ending fight against rodents. The numerous rats, mice and chipmunks, when winter reduced their food supply of growing plants, raided any storehouse into which they could gnaw their way.

423 343 251 The opening in E-e's storehouse was closed with a flat stone, sealed in place with cement in which the family's mark of identification had been placed. If anyone helped himself to her stores, a break in this seal would warn her of the theft. She dug away the mortar, set the stone aside, then lifted out the few stores that were left.

251 Crawling through the opening, she brushed up the floor, then began storing the food she had brought with her: ears of seed corn in one place; shelled corn in another; strings of dried squash and pumpkin necessitating special care to prevent spoilage, by themselves. With amusing gestures, when I failed to understand her native tongue, she showed me how she tied the dried seed of

sunflowers, squash, melons and pumpkins in a cloth and packed 251
them in this dry, safe place.

Through generations of experimenting the women had developed
safe methods of preparing food for storage. Mold and decay
must be fought or there would be famine. Beans, corn, sunflower
seed, figs and peaches were dried in the usual manner, but it took
an Indian's ingenuity to develop a method of drying squash and
pumpkin so they would make good eating in the winter. The women
first cut off the rind and allowed the squash or pumpkin to dry
somewhat on the outside. They next removed the seeds, which were
dried for food and for planting, then cleaned and partly dried the
inside. This partly dried flesh was cut in one long spiral and hung
over a pole until dry enough for storing. Many homes were so
filled with drying spirals that there was little room for the family.
The dried pumpkin or squash was cooked with water and served [252]
as a vegetable. I was sure it would be tender and sweet but I did
not get a taste.

I had seen peaches spread to dry on the sandy ground, fly-covered, dogs romping over them, ponies nibbling them. So when I saw two laughing gossiping women laying their halved peaches on the clean floor of a crevice in the canyon wall in which a family had set up housekeeping, I climbed up for a better view.

When I reached their level, to my surprise—and to his—I saw 887
a naked old man sprawled on the floor, taking a sun bath. He gave 291
me a startled glance, bounded up and scampered away among the 576
rocks where he hid until I left the place. The women, their fat 522
bodies shaking with laughter, jabbered and pointed. The old
fellow would have thought nothing of his nudeness had a woman
of the tribe appeared. It was the privilege of old men and young
boys to follow the dictates of comfort in discarding clothes. But
a white woman! He couldn't figure out what she might think, or
say, or do.

I wanted a picture of the women and their drying peaches, so 114
focused my camera. The women threw their *satams* over their
heads and ran screaming to hide behind the rocks. It was the

774 camera they feared, so leaving it in a shady spot, I went over to where they crouched behind a boulder and asked them why they ran. With much excited sputtering they made me understand that if I took a picture of them, their souls would go into the picture. One could not live without a soul. They illustrated with exaggerated gestures how dead they would be when their souls left their bodies.

I retrieved my camera and opening and focusing it, tucked it out of sight under my arm. When they returned, talking and laughing, I snapped the picture without their knowledge.

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427 Families who owned large plots of ground had several storehouses, some as many as five. Regardless of how the land had been distributed when the People of the Blue Water settled in the canyon, through inheritance some individuals had acquired more land than they could till, and it was loaned or rented to friends or relatives. There were a few whose plots were no larger than the floor of a room, but every family had at least one storehouse tucked away in a crevice in the wall.

000 It was late afternoon when I returned to the school and wrote ~~my report. I~~ had been so intent on learning how the people raised their food and preserved it that I had not measured a foot of ground, nor counted the members of the tribe. Besides, what the Commissioner must know, I finally decided, was that the Havasupai needed garden tools; that the school children ate out of doors in all kinds of weather, and that their food was cooked on a range protected only by a bush. These things he could do something about. Here is my report, as it appeared in the *Annual Report* of the Department of the Interior for the year 1901:

> SIR: I have the honor to submit the annual report of the Havasupai tribe and school for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901.
>
> 241 Havasupai Tribe—The Havasupai is entirely self-supporting. He depends on the products of his farm for his livelihood. He is proud of his gardens and his orchards, but prouder still of the fact that he labors. Living on the banks of a clear, sparkling stream, he is never [312 troubled by crop failure. He utilizes the water of the stream for irrigating purposes and an abundant crop is assured him.

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A packtrain on the trail from Hilltop into the Havasu Canyon

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In these two stone pillars on an outjutting arm of the canyon wall, lived the god-spirit that protected the Havasupai and their gardens from harm.

[p. 116 D. Pp. 116 A-C not processed]

Manakadja, late chief of the Havasupai, father of the present chief

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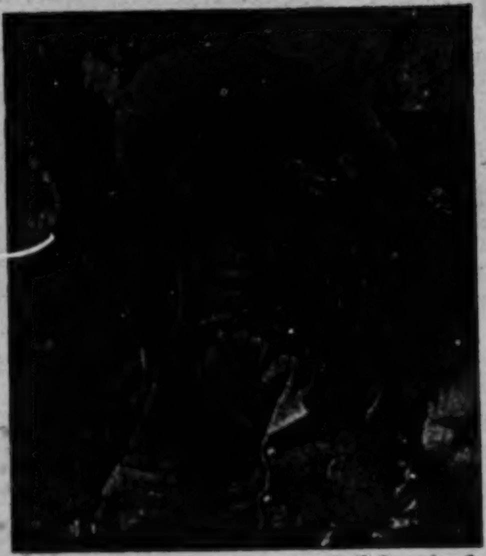

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Old Ute, a Havasupai, blind in one eye, guided us over trailless country to the junction of the Havasu and Colorado Rivers.

[p. 116E]

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Winter scene showing our stone cottage, later washed away in a flood. To the far right is the outdoor toilet. From the high wall on the right came the boulders and trees that crashed down on us during an earlier flood

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Havasupai woman, wearing [illegible] about her shoulders, preparing to bake thin, crisp sheets of bread on her baking stone

[p116F]

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Framework of Havasupai sweat lodge, left foreground. Conical brush house, center, with brush-covered shelter where family activities are carried on

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Havasupai signs and symbols painted on a rock surface by Those of Old. Their meaning has long since been lost

[p. 116G]

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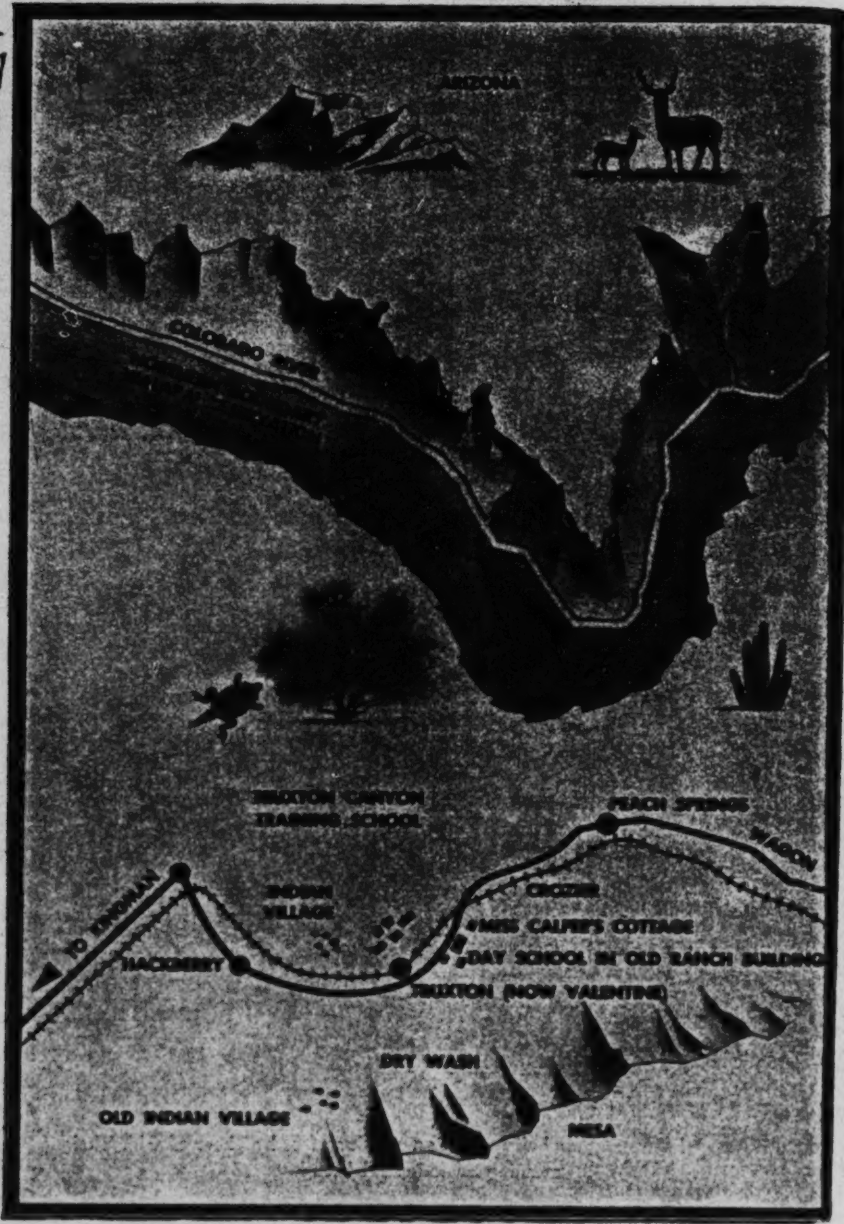
ARIZONA
COLORADO RIVER
TRUXTON CANYON TRAINING SCHOOL
PEACH SPRINGS
WAGON
TO KINGMAN
INDIAN VILLAGE
CROZIER
MISS CALFEE'S COTTAGE
DAY SCHOOL IN OLD RANCH BUILDING
HACKBERRY
TRUXTON (NOW VALENTINE)
DRY WASH
OLD INDIAN VILLAGE
MESA

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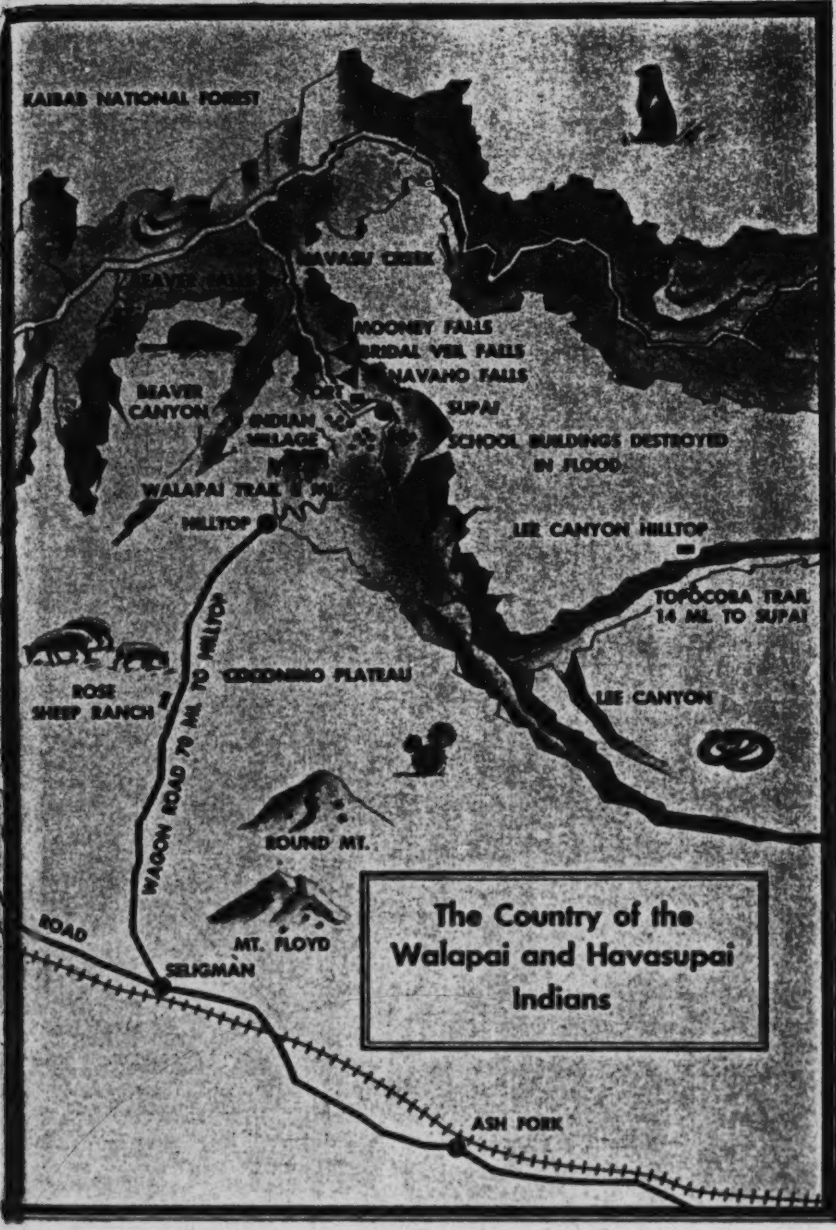
KAIBAB NATIONAL FOREST
HAVASU CREEK
BEAVER FALLS
MOONEY FALLS
BRIDAL VEIL FALLS
NAVAHO FALLS
FORT
SUPAI
BEAVER CANYON
INDIAN VILLAGE
SCHOOL BUILDINGS DESTROYED IN FLOOD
WALAPAI TRAIL 8 MI.
HILLTOP
LEE CANYON HILLTOP
TOPOCOBA TRAIL 14 MI. TO SUPAI
COCONINO PLATEAU
ROSE SHEEP RANCH
LEE CANYON
WAGON ROAD 70 MI. TO HILLTOP
ROUND MT.
MT. FLOYD
ROAD
SELIGMAN
ASH FORK

The Country of the Walapai and Havasupai Indians

[p.116I]

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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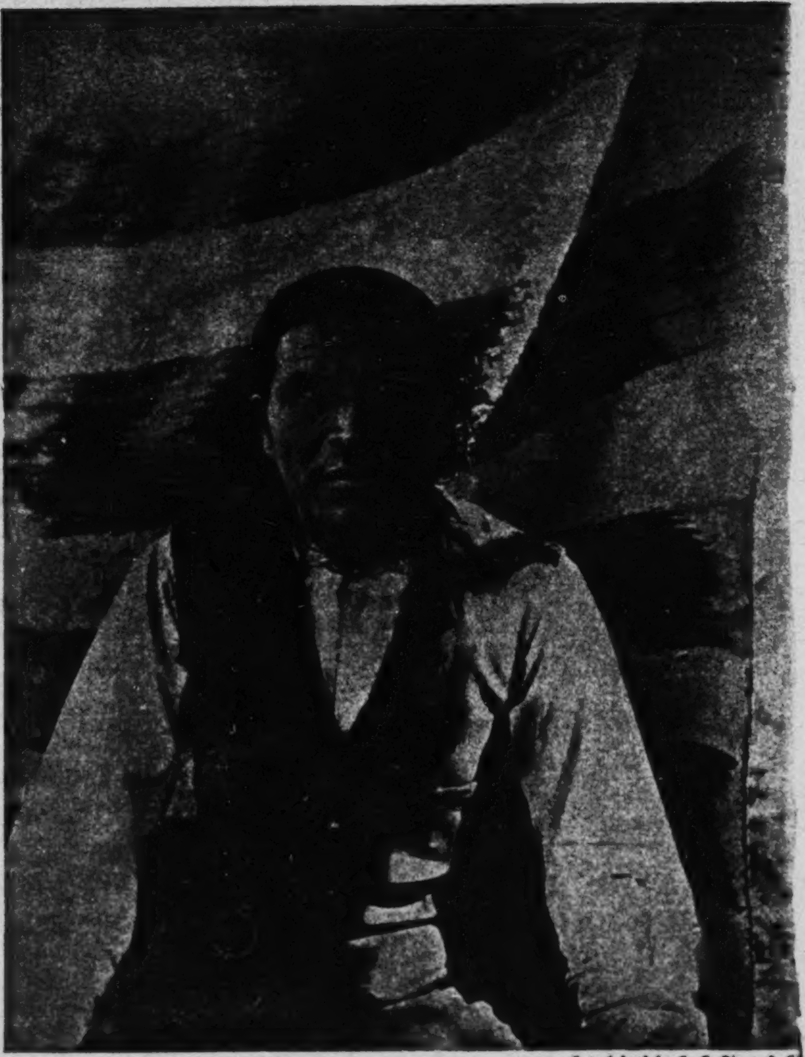

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Policeman Vesnor, whose somber eyes reflect the iron will and fearlessness of primitive tribal life, had been healed by the Great Healer. Later, when a very old man, he was converted to the Christian religion

[p. 116]

[illegible] Y-5 (ca.1901) 1904 NT14 [illegible] NT14
Havasupai

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Some Havasupai children have an uninhibited watermelon feast

[p.116K]

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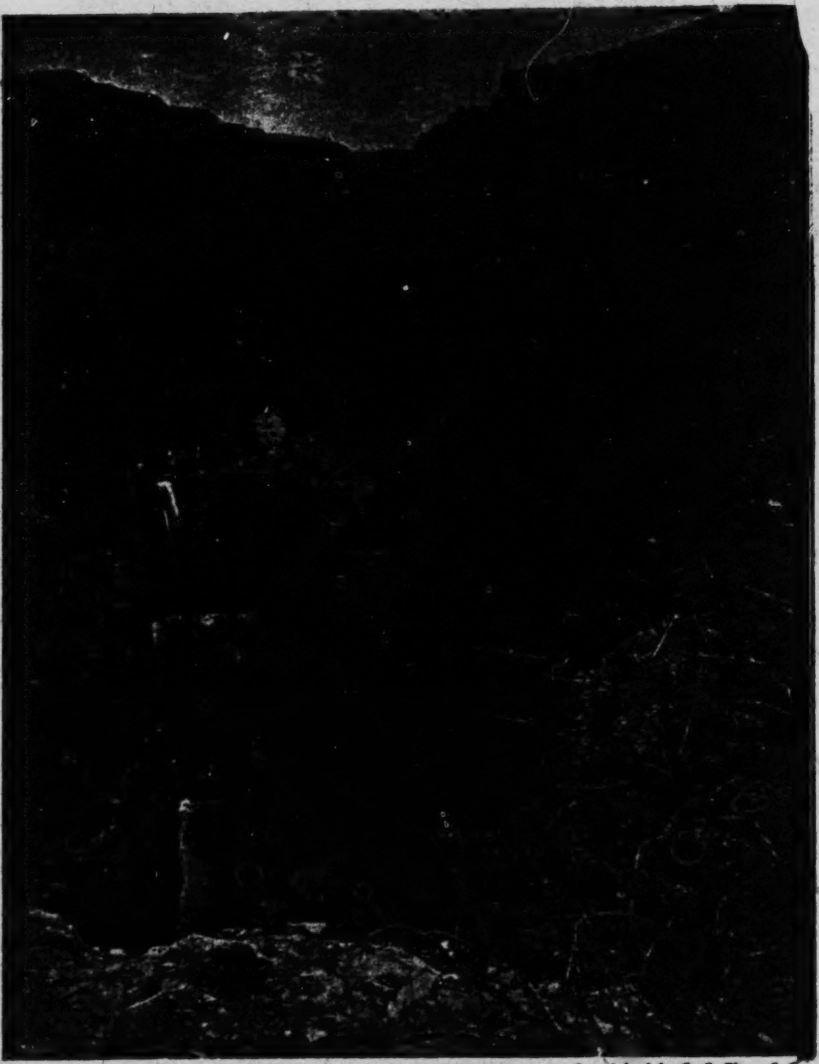

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Mooney Falls, "Mother of the Waters," showing the wild gorge in which Lanoman's wife was cremated

[p. 116 L]

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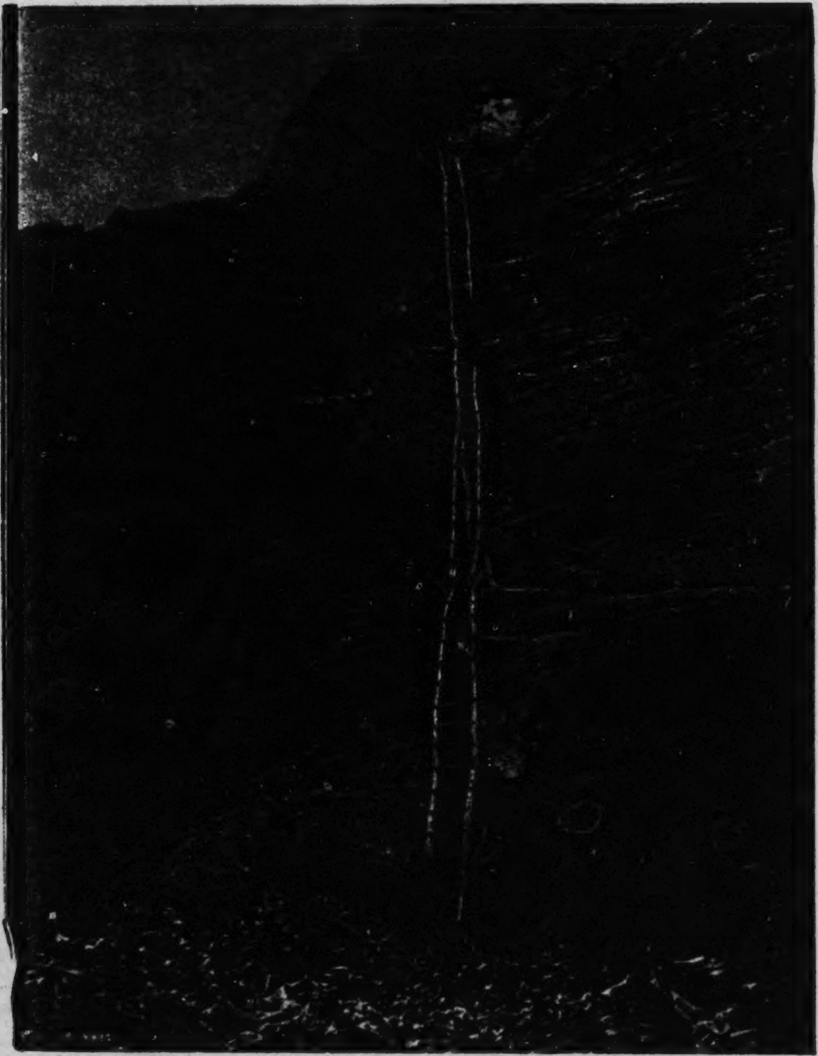

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Crude ladder by which the Indians descended to the pool below Mooney Falls, which is out of the picture to the left

[p. 116M]

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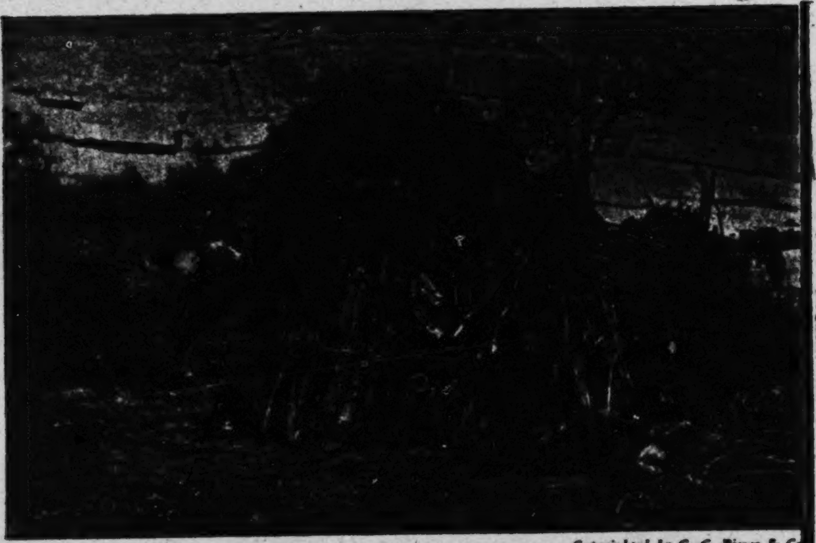

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The old basket weaver's home, built of poles, bark, brush and discarded clothing

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Mother carrying her baby in a burden basket. Her home is typical of the Havasupai house of a generation ago

[p.116N]

hile Eastern construction workers were
arnessing Mooney Falls, this load of al-
lfa would have brought the woman five
ollars

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lescal trimmed for the roasting pit.
tick is used to pry plant from the
round. Hatchet-like knife is used in
imming

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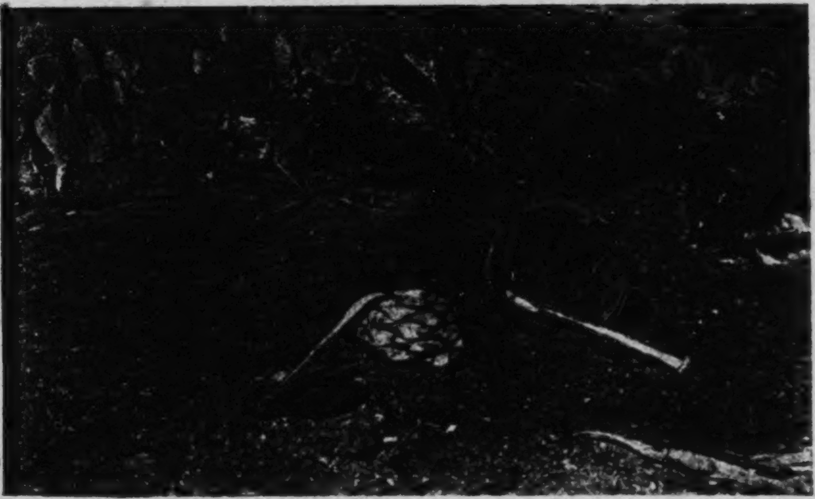

American Museum of Natural History

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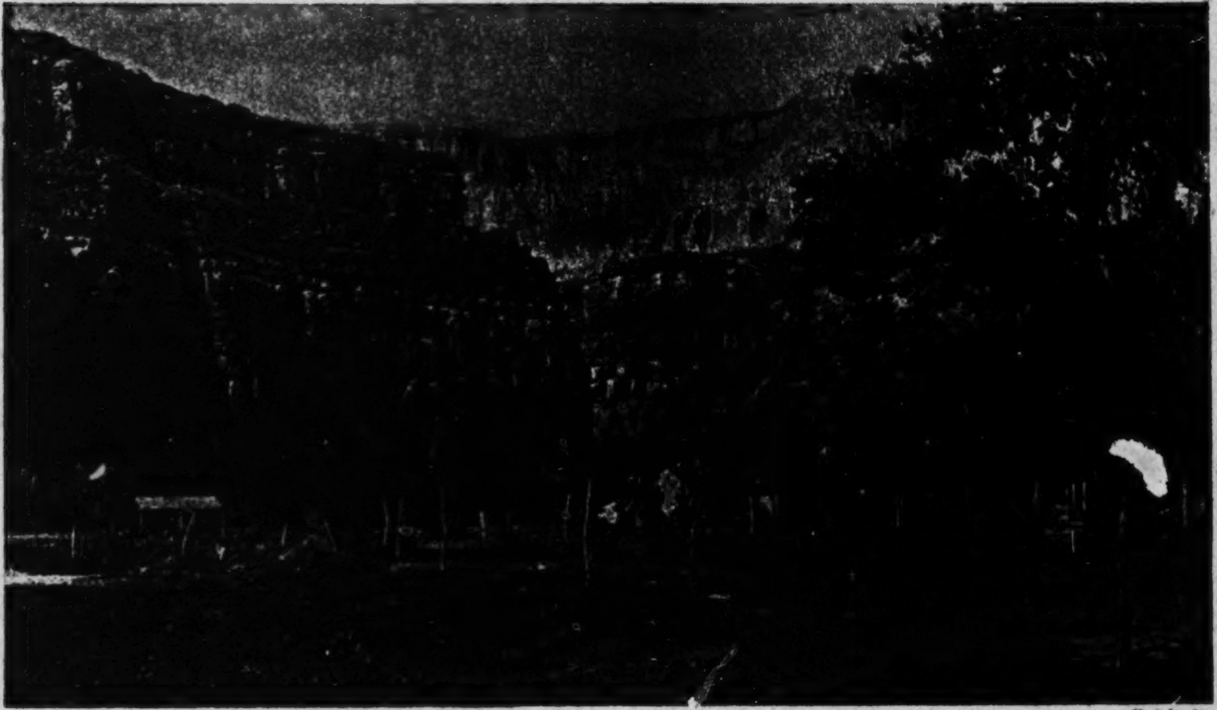

Al Achterberg

Havasupai homes of today with fenced plots for gardens or corrals. Note the limestone cliffs of the outer walls in the distance

rigating purposes and an abundant crop is assured him. The almost per- 241
pendicular walls of the canyon, which he has made his home, are lined with storehouses which in the autumn he fills with corn, beans, and other products of his labor.

The most discouraging feature at present to the Havasupai is the [412]
fact that many of them have no farming implements. The farmer often loans them plows and hoes, which are always promptly returned. When unable to borrow implements, they laboriously loosen the soil with sticks. If farming implements were furnished them, they could easily cultivate all the land to which they have access. Much labor and time would thus be saved, and what is still more important, their surplus products thus gained could be marketed, which would enable them to provide themselves with warm clothing for the winter months.

All of the Indians of this tribe dress in part in citizens' clothes, and 291
most of them are quite willing to adopt the ways of the white man. 177
They depend very little on the professed abilities of the medicine
man. . . . As they come in contact with very few white people, except 191
those employed at the school, very few of them speak enough English to make themselves understood.

Havasupai Day School—This school has a capacity of 46, but has 812
been crowded beyond its proper limit, having an average attendance of 71.

We have a good stone school building, but it is not large enough to accommodate the school. The pupils' lunch is served under a cottonwood tree, which fails to protect them from the heavy summer rains we are now having. . . . As there is an abundance of stone in the canyon it would cost but little to build a dining room with a wareroom attached, where the supplies could be safely stored.

Work in the laundry and sewing room is ably conducted. Both boys and girls are detailed to assist in cooking the noonday lunch, and, under the supervision of the cook, do excellent work.

I trust that either 20 of the largest boys and girls will be transferred to the Truxton Canyon Training School when it opens September 1, or a kindergarten department will be added to this school, as it is impossible for one teacher to instruct 71 pupils in a creditable manner.

Permit me to express my appreciation of your support and encouragement.

Very respectfully,

FLORA J. GREGG, *Superintendent*

000 At last Mr. Ewing had the report, months late. But neither he nor the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would ever know what a good time I had had collecting information that never went into it.

651 We were led to believe that such reports were never read by the officials in Washington. This one was read. It brought results. The Havasupai enjoyed the nearest thing to Christmas they had ever known when a large shipment of gardening tools arrived for them.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"I Too Mad"

Lanoman, the son of Sinyella, was the younger of the reservation's two policemen. According to his father's estimate of his age, he was in his early thirties. Taller than many of the men, and stockily built, his regular features and light complexion gave him a handsome appearance, which somewhat justified his vanity. He had mastered enough English to meet his needs but his courtly manners were his greatest asset. "Lanoman, the gentleman," he was dubbed by a visiting tourist, for all who met him were impressed by his graciousness. [625] 159

No one seemed to know Vesnor's age. Counted in years, it might have been forty or fifty, but the dark wisdom in his gloomy eyes made one feel that he had witnessed savage cruelty and lived with danger until he no longer knew the meaning of fear. He was thin and wiry, his muscles taut springs, his skin dark and wrinkled, but there was a sureness and swiftness about him that inspired confidence. Whenever I was in my office, Vesnor was there, ready to jump astride his pony to being in a bad Indian at a moment's notice. Occasionally, when not too pressed for time, I laid aside my work and we talked, sometimes quite frankly. Vesnor's questions sprang from whatever thought was uppermost in his mind, and he probed into my personal affairs with native simplicity—as if he were with one of his tribesmen. He wanted the straight truth, even though the Havasupai themselves delighted in making false statements to an inquisitive white person. One afternoon when

[p. 119]

159 the office became unbearably hot and stuffy, I took my work to the shade of the cottonwood in front of our cottage, while Vesnor sat in the hammock until needed. I was aware that he was regarding me with a puzzled expression, but was unprepared for the question he asked, "You got man?"

"No."

"Why you no catch 'em?"

"Too busy. I've never had time."

"Um-m-m," he murmured. He couldn't figure it out. There [162] were so many more Havasupai men than women that the latter were at a premium. When a girl reached the age of fourteen or [512] fifteen there were such numbers of suitors pressing their claims that to remain single was unthinkable. Yet here was a white woman who did not want a man. It was beyond Vesnor's understanding.

I took my turn at questioning, wanting a glimpse of his past. What put those deep lines in his face and that somber look in his eyes? No doubt he had witnessed the bloody deeds of the old chief Navaho, who had recently died; deeds that had won the acclaim of the people and made him their head chief. But Vesnor had no thought of revealing his past and knew exactly when to quit answering questions and substitute, "No savvy." So weeks slipped by without my learning much of what went on in his mind, until one day he lifted a corner of the veil—and left me more puzzled than I had been before.

159 154 The thermometer in the shaded center of the cottonwood registered one hundred and seventeen degrees that afternoon while I worked in my office. Vesnor, comfortable and at ease, occupied his usual chair near the door. His eyes shone with a new eagerness, and his countenance brightened with a thought that, sooner or later, I knew he would express.

Suddenly he asked his question, "You savvy Jesus?"

"Yes," I said, "I savvy Him."

"Long time I sick. Think maybe die. Indians come, look, say pretty quick die. No eat. No sleep. Just sick—plenty!"

For a long moment he sat there, his somber eyes on space, but

his mind was fumbling for words. "One day Jesus come. Stand 159
by bed. All white. Dress, everything all white. Shine like sun. He 154
say pretty quick get well. He go 'way. I get well quick."

That was all. Vesnor had no more to tell. Perhaps he saw the astonishment in my face, for his thoughts recoiled and tucked themselves away in a secret place back of his inscrutable eyes. My imagination conjured up the scene: a sick Indian lying on his blanket on the dirt floor of his home, by his side a Shining Presence. Vesnor, an untutored Indian, had experienced the miracle of healing much as John G. Whittier had so beautifully written of it:

> The healing of His seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain:
> We touch Him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again.

This was Vesnor in a new version. His story left me awed and puzzled. Where did he get his concept of Jesus, the Healer? No missionary had ever worked among these people. The school employees held a Sunday service for the children, and the adults had received some instruction in the tenets of the Christian faith. But, it was arresting to learn that Vesnor, his mind ruled by spirits and strange gods and filled with the medicine man's lore, had had that priceless revelation.

The Indians respected and obeyed Vesnor. His background and 159
experience made him a valuable policeman. Lanoman, however, 625
gently sidestepped any errand that might involve ruffled feelings or bring unpleasant repercussions. If word must be sent to the men of the village that we had a load of freight at Hilltop, and would pay cash to the packers who brought it down, Lanoman was the man to send. He could escort tourists or forest rangers to any part of the canyon, and win their hearts while doing it. Everyone liked gentlemanly Lanoman. It was hard to believe that he had no white blood, or had never been taught the white man's social customs. Yet under that suave exterior was a mind steeped in the

159 625 traditions and superstitions of his people. He had been healed, dramatically, by the medicine man. Leslie Spier, in his "Havasupai Ethnography," relates the story as told to him by Sinyella, Lanoman's father.

159 755 "Once about 1883, when Lanoman, my oldest son, was about seventeen years old, he was pretty sick." He then explained that he had appealed to a Walapai shaman who decided that the illness was too difficult for him to heal. Sinyella continued:

> Then I took him over to Coconino Basin; other Havasupai went there, too. I found many Navaho there; I asked who was a shaman. They said, "One who is here is a good shaman," and they showed him to me. I asked him to cure my boy: "If you cure him, I will give you two dollars," and I gave it to him. He sang for the boy two nights; he had two women with him who also sang. He had four stone arrowpoints, and he stuck one in the ground at the head and one at the foot and one on each side of the boy as he lay there. He stopped after two nights and said that the boy would not get well.

Next, Sinyella appealed to a shaman of his own tribe. His verdict was: "It is pretty hard to cure that sickness." The shaman proved his point by declaring that Sinyella's grandfather, now deceased, who had been a shaman, had sent his spirit to take Lanoman to the spirit world. However, he recommended his younger brother A'mal, also a shaman, for whom Sinyella sent a messenger. Sinyella related what followed:

> The night he arrived, he began; he sang all night very loud, and sucked. His spirit brought out all kinds of things, hail (it looked like hail), lightning, clouds, snow, and something relating to a wolf. He brought out all the things that made the boy sick and showed them to us in his hand. . . . He showed us the hail, but he told us about the lightning, clouds, snow, and wolves: "I got these, but they cannot be readily seen. My spirit can see them perfectly, however. I will just show you the hail, so you can see it is all right." When he sucked out the wolf, he staggered around and ran out into the darkness. We heard the wolf howl. The hailstone was round and white; it looked like hail. He also sucked out my grandfather's spirit, which he showed us; a little white man, with a head but no limbs. He did this two nights. Then the boy

said he wanted to eat more, and got up and walked; he said he was a little better. The shaman made him well quickly. 159 755

A'mal's pay would be scorned by a medical doctor. Sinyella gave him a blanket and a buckskin. Some of his friends, who had returned from a successful hunt, gave A'mal so much venison that he was forced to borrow an extra horse to carry the load.

In some ways Lanoman was less progressive than the other men of his generation. Even though cremation had been abandoned by his tribe in favor of burial, he had insisted, when his young wife died, on the time-honored ritual of the funeral pyre. Custom decreed that a relative preside at this ceremony, placing the wood about and on the body, laying thereon the girl's possessions, setting the torch to the pile and waiting until all was consumed. I wondered if this had been Lanoman's task. 159 764

For the cremation, he chose the deep, shady gorge below Mooney Falls, a wilderness of ferns, shrubs and trees surrounding a turbulent pool. In one immense column of water, the Havasu River poured into this pool from a cliff more than two hundred feet high. To reach the burial place, the body was lowered by a frail ladder into the gorge. After the conclusion of the service, when the mourners had climbed to the rim, the ladder was made unusable. Lanoman wanted no invasion of this secluded spot of supernal beauty, sacred now to the memory of his wife.

Here at the foot of the "Mother of the Waters," the Indians' poetic name for the majestic falls, he left his wife's ashes to be lifted by vagrant winds and carried across the green jungle to the Blue Water. The "Mother of the Waters" would woo the girl's wandering spirit into its rainbow-colored mists, where, occasionally, her spirit, with those of the other dead, would later be seen rising and falling through the heavy spray.

The girl's favorite pony must go with her but the Indians' ingenuity was not equal to the task of lowering a live horse over the wall of the gorge that its spirit might take its departure at the pyre. So another expedient was tried. The animal was led to the very brink of the chasm. Following their tribal custom, a strip of wet 768 159

768 buckskin was tied about its neck, which slowly tightened, in drying,
159 until the pony gasped for breath and staggered helplessly; a shove sent the animal crashing over the rim. It bounced from ledge to ledge, then, caught on a projecting point, lay there to decay, far above its intended destination.

In the village, peach trees were cut to free their spirits that they might bear their sweet, luscious fruit in the new home of the
[557] beloved wife. The house was burned; the girl's name must never again be spoken.

159 Indeed no biographies could be more fascinating than those of
625 our two policemen, if the author delved into the forces that made each man what he was: the cloak of courtliness concealing Lanoman, the Indian of primitive culture; Vesnor, the stern, forceful Indian of the warpath, healed by the Christians' Savior. By apportioning duties according to the merits of the man, we had an efficient police force.

578 When a feud broke out resulting in the destruction of growing
691 corn, I called on Vesnor. It might mean a quarrel that would stir the tribe to the boiling point, or it might be child's play, but I wanted the help of a fearless man.

Late one Saturday afternoon Little Jim entered my office. He wore the Indians' comfortable moccasins, but his hair was cut short, white-man fashion. Faded blue jeans and a torn red shirt clung to his damp body, for the canyon walls still reflected the heat.

"Um-m," he began with embarrassment, "Me got corn. Little grow." He reached his hand down to about twelve inches above the floor to indicate his corn's tallness. "Last night, womans walk on corn. Break down. No good."

I went with him to his corn patch down in the village. It was a small plot, about fifteen feet square. The corn on one corner was broken and trampled into the ground, and everywhere were the imprints of small, bare feet.

"Whose footprints are these?" I asked, for a smart Indian like Little Jim couldn't be fooled on the imprint of a tribesman's foot.

He stooped and carefully examined the earth, "Maybe woman's," he volunteered. 578 691

"Yes, you said in the beginning that women had destroyed your corn. You will have to tell me their names."

He frowned deeply as he viewed the broken stalks, but finally admitted, "I think two womans: Billy squaw; Prince squaw."

"I'll have Vesnor warn them not to bother your corn," I assured him. "I'll also investigate this myself. They must have a reason for destroying your crop."

I took my departure, and Little Jim joined his family, his wife E-e and two small sons. They formed a circle about the food for the evening meal—burned squash, cold and unpalatable. E-e broke off hunks of the sodden stuff and handed them to the children who devoured them hungrily while she and Little Jim shared the unappetizing fare. E-e was an indifferent housekeeper and one of the poorest cooks in the village, but she was a good-natured wife and her cheerful companionship pleased Little Jim.

Vesnor was waiting for me at the office as usual, so I sent him to instruct Prince and Billy that their wives destroy no more gardens. I also told him to bring the two women to my office on Monday evening for a hearing.

School had not yet convened Monday morning when Billy appeared at the building, carrying in his hand seven stalks of newly cut corn. He held them out for me to see.

"That my corn," he said angrily. "E-e cut with knife."

I examined the seven stalks. They were cleanly cut. "What has happened in the village that causes the women to destroy one another's gardens?" I asked Billy.

"No un'erstan'," he said, still angry.

"You know that your wife walked on Little Jim's corn. He has a family and needs all the food he can raise. Did you tell her to leave his garden alone?"

"Vesnor say. She hear." Billy looked chagrined. It was a different story when blame fell on his own household.

"Did Vesnor tell your wife to come to my office this evening?

518 691 We are going to put a stop to this destruction of food, and I am going to learn the reason back of it."

"He say. She hear."

"I'll have E-e brought up too," I told him. "We'll find out why she got into this feud."

Billy turned and walked slowly home, carrying the wilted corn in his hand.

800 I was so eager to get at the trial and learn why these complacent, childish women were determinedly destroying one another's food, that I forgot this was a school day until the bushes parted. The little folks came through at a comfortable walk and entered the classroom. Vesnor had learned to restrain his impatience, but experience had convinced me by now that if he and his pony were absent, the children would spend the day playing in the creek.

518 691 695 Vesnor, Little Jim, Billy, Prince and the three women were waiting at my office when school was dismissed. I unlocked the door, and they filed in, the women abashed by the formality and frightened by Vesnor's disapproving mien. They had been accustomed to indulging their love of trickery until the time came for physical combat; the victory then went to the one who could scratch and pull hair faster than her antagonist. A hearing in the superintendent's office was something new and quite disturbing.

Since Little Jim was one of the plaintiffs, he was the first to testify. He stated his case briefly: "I go work corn. Little light. Sun no come up. I see Billy squaw, Prince squaw in corn. Make walk on stalk, break down. I see run in bushes. Run to camp." Little Jim sat down, his troubled face creased by an angry frown.

203 At that moment a woman, her *saiam* floating behind her, breezed through the door and eased her plump body into a chair. She was Vesnor's wife, a giggling woman, much younger than he, whose ears were attuned to gossip. She had come to gather news, first hand, so that she might gleefully dispense it later to an eager audience. This feud had been going on for some time, possibly years, and interest was keen, for word of the trial had swept through the village.

Billy's wife testified in her own defense. She rose from her chair 578
and moved to the center of the floor with the grace of a shy wild 691
animal. She was slender and lovely, with the clear brown skin, 695
small shapely hands and feet that distinguish the elite. The long
bang above her piquant face, the neat, bobbed hair, the colorful [302]
sutam over the clean, gay dress made her a picture that would
attract attention anywhere. Her face had been artistically decorated
for the occasion: a round spot of red paint glowed dully over each [302]
cheekbone; a line of burnt sienna extended from the middle of
her lower lip to the center of her chin. But most bewitching were
the delicate blue shadows beneath her eyes. These were achieved [824]
by daintily applying a paint made from the wild indigo plant.
Her bracelets, necklace and ear ornaments of blue beads added to [301]
her natural charm. She spoke in her native language, Vesnor interpreting,
and told her story with such eloquence that I wished
with all my heart that I knew enough of the tribe's language to
understand her softly spoken words.

She was explaining to me, and her every word and gesture were for my benefit as she said: "Long time ago Little Jim marry my sister. She good woman. She cook. She work, make clean house. He no work. No buy dress. He no buy things eat. She hungry all time. She get sick. She die. Little Jim marry E-e. He happy all time. He work. He no lazy. He buy dress. He buy everythings. I too mad. I walk. I walk on trail. I see Little Jim corn. It little grow (not very tall). I think. E-e like corn. I get plenty mad. I walk, maybe five, maybe ten stalk, break down on ground. I too mad."

Like an angry princess she swept to her seat, and I knew that I was not the right judge for this case, for I was ready to defend her for her courage, her beauty and her loyalty to her dead sister. Yet I admired the straightforwardness and sincerity of Little Jim.

Prince's wife took the floor. The women were sisters, but Billy had chosen the more picturesque, the more charming of the two. This woman's story was less dramatic, but differed little from that of her sister. Little Jim's first wife was her sister, she said. He neglected her, and she died. "Now he good to E-e. I mad. I want

578 to make go hungry. I walk thirty stalks his corn. I plenty mad."
691 She gave E-e a glance loaded with malice and hesitantly took her
seat.

695 Billy stepped forward and voiced his complaint. E-e had cut seven stalks of his corn. He found the stalks lying in the field. He explained that he needed the corn for food for his family. He would not have seed, he could not fill his storehouse, if his crop were destroyed. His face had lost its jovial expression and was puckered with concern.

E-e, the accused, came forward reluctantly. The look of lazy contentment had drained from her face; there was fear in her dark eyes. She spoke haltingly, with many gestures. "I pick up brush." Her quick fingers went through the motions of gathering and piling brush. "I dry. I want fire. Billy's squaw throw brush. Scatter everywhere." Again her fingers spoke, making the gesture of tossing brush to the winds. "I no find. No make fire. No cook bread. She break Little Jim corn. She make brush scatter. I plenty mad. I walk little on corn. I cut little. I too mad."

I managed to keep a straight face, but was chuckling inside. Those precious, mischievous women. They refused to submit to the deadly monotony of their lives, and added a touch of excitement by playing sly tricks, each striving to be more cunning than the other. I wanted to pat them on their plump shoulders and send them happily home, but when a garden is no larger than the floor of a room, and a family depends on it for food, it must not be the pawn in a game.

We discussed their crimes with great seriousness. They were quick to agree that the destruction of food must stop, and they expected to be penalized, but I hadn't the heart to levy against their pitiful possessions. So I asked them, individually, if they would drop the feud and never revive it, if allowed to go unpunished.

They all shouted in their eagerness, "*Eh! Eh, mi!* (Yes! Yes, you say it!)"

The case was dismissed. I heard of no more such pranks, but

578

their love of excitement undoubtedly would prompt them to find 691
some other way to keep the village astir and themselves interested. 695

Long after the dispute was settled, Billy's wife's reiteration, "I too mad," stayed with me. It helped me to appreciate the basic honesty of these children of nature: no soft words covered angry thoughts; no smile hid a broken heart. They expressed their emotions, with zest and energy and, if the occasion required, with violence, as did the Bear, the Coyote and the Deer who, from the Days of Old, had taught the Havasupai the wisdom they themselves had gleaned from the wilderness when time was young. 152

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

To the Mouth of the Havasu

576 Late one evening Frances and I were lingering at the supper table talking over the events of the day, when there came a sharp knock on the door. This was surprising as a Havasupai did not knock. He framed his face with his hands and looked in through the window or threw the door open and stalked in, accustomed to latchless doors. Also, after darkness fell he stayed close to his own 775 campfire and the living, for the ghosts of the dead walked at night. The person outside our door was not an Indian.

000 Frances and I were the only white people in the canyon. Miss Goenawein and Mr. Burnett had driven to Seligman on business. The night was dark, and neither of us felt too brave when we opened the door to a stranger, since we were completely alone, the policeman being at home a mile farther down the canyon.

George Wharton James, author of several books on Indians of the Southwest, introduced himself.

Mr. James had established his headquarters at the home of a village Indian whose friendship he had won on previous visits to the tribe. This time he had come prepared for a trip he believed no white person had ever made—the descent of the Havasu Canyon to its junction with the Grand Canyon. He had engaged Ute, a very old Indian, blind in one eye, as guide. He suggested that the ride might be interesting for us.

We couldn't miss this adventure! I had determined that I would not leave the school until I had followed the Havasu stream from

its turbulent source to its end, where it tumbled into the mighty 000
Colorado. So when Mr. James returned to his camp, Frances and I began assembling the supplies we should need for the two-day journey.

Early the next morning the supervisor of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve and a ranger arrived at the house. They had come to investigate conditions at Mooney Falls. Our trail would lead by the falls, so we invited them to ride with us that far.

Frances planned to ride the only trustworthy burro in our herd, a quick-stepping, sturdy animal. I intended to hire a horse in the village, so went down early to select one that could travel rough country. When the Indians learned that we were attempting the route to the Grand Canyon, trailless below Mooney, they shook their heads, declaring that no horse could make it. I suspected this was a buildup for bargaining as to price, so reminded them that old Ute had scouted out the way in order to serve Mr. James as guide. They admitted, "Maybe one, two Indians go; maybe horse break leg on rocks." As usual, a crowd had gathered to consider, craftily, whether or not the venture was feasible. As the leisurely discussion continued, the price asked for a horse soared until it almost equaled the value of the animal.

Then Walapai Bill, a square-shouldered man of middle age, spoke, "You take my horse. I bring your house pretty quick." He and I made a bargain, while the crowd murmured at his reasonable price of five dollars, which I quickly accepted.

When we were ready to start, I put Vesnor in charge of the school property until Mr. Burnett returned later that morning. Then I thrust my foot into the stirrup and sprang to the back of Walapai Bill's big, bony horse—only to discover that I was not being a lady! Ladies were assisted in mounting, I remembered, too late, when I glanced down at the cupped hand of the gallant young rancher and saw the surprised look on his face.

As we followed the trail through the village, the Indians were 522
free with their comments. It was common knowledge that an Indian could endure hunger, thirst, and exposure. But Hicos were

522 soft. They joked, hilariously mimicking the picture we would make on our return—wilted as a squash vine severed from its root.

231 We jogged on until we came to the mile-long strip the Indians used as a race course. Without an instant's warning, my horse took the bit in his teeth and ran like the wind. At the mile's end, he stopped, heaving and gasping for air. He was, I discovered later, Walapai Bill's best race horse.

133 Our party of three and the two men from the forest reserve followed old Ute along the widening stream, which was so highly charged with minerals that every root, branch or leaf obstructing its flow was coated with solid stone. I gathered some of these leaves from the stream; each tiny vein and serrated edge was plainly marked in the stone coating. The debris along the banks had been transformed into a filigree of great beauty, concealing hollow places and deep caverns that became a danger when one walked too near the edge.

We passed Navaho Falls, so concealed in its jungle of tangled growth that we could not see it, but only heard its roar as it dashed over cliffs and boulders. This was the first large falls, and by some considered the most beautiful, perhaps because of its isolation.

The stream dropped rapidly, but we continued at the same level, traveling on a wide shelf that flanked the chasm. On the rim above Bridal Veil Falls we halted and looked down on the impressive scene two hundred feet below. Here the canyon formed a bowl or amphitheater, centering attention on the falls. The river spread across a high, wide cliff, dropping like a wind-tossed, gossamer veil into a deep blue pool. Thick mysterious folds of mist churned up from the pool, curtaining the gnomelike caves. Weird mineral formations, deposited by the water on shrubs and vines, covered the canyon walls on either side. Shaded by tall trees, the floor of the bowl was a tangle of bright green grass, climbing clematis, mosses, ferns and columbine.

In the past weeks we had visited this amphitheater several times and entered the caves back of the falls, finding giant stalactites and stalagmites and long stone-coated tendrils of maidenhair fern,

fragile as old lace. Branches of trees, roots and trailing vines, 133
heavily encrusted with mineral, hung over and almost concealed 137
the entrances to the caves. We broke off some of these and found the wood, in some instances, still green and alive underneath.

As we continued down the trail we rode to the rim again and again, unable to resist the wild beauty of our river, roaring with such violence through its narrow gorge.

We passed Crematory Gulch, a western branch of our canyon 133
where the Indians had cremated their dead before accepting the 764
practice of burying in a canyon nearer the school. A former employee once told me that he had visited Crematory Gulch and was surprised to find large Navaho blankets, undamaged by fire, medicine gourds, saddles and, most gruesome of all, the partly burned club of a man's graying hair. He fully realized the danger of desecrating an Indian cemetery, but slipped away with a shaman's gourd rattle. At the time he told me of his venture, he was hoping for an opportunity for a second visit, but whenever he made the attempt, an Indian appeared with disconcerting suddenness, and stood, watching, until he gave up the quest.

We rode to the brink to look down on Mooney Falls where the 133
river roared in a solid column over a ledge higher than Niagara. The noise of its crash into the foaming pool below was deafening; the picture it made, hundreds of feet below us, was like a bit of toyland. Mineral accretions were plastered, like the halves of umbrellas, against the sides of the precipice. I knew that just below 000
our feet were the dangling remains of the frail Indian ladder down which Lanoman and his friends had tenderly lowered his young wife to her funeral pyre. There, too, rested the bones of James Mooney, a sailor turned prospector, who with a few companions had tried to descend below the falls to locate abandoned mines, about which he had heard such fantastic tales. The rope they lowered over the precipice had been too short, and Mooney, the first to make the descent, fell to his death. As a tribute to his memory, white people gave the falls his name, but the Indians continued to use "Mother of the Waters." I thought of those two,

000 resting there in the shadowy gorge, where nature rioted and roared; and yet, in the cool, protected place where they slept, there was an inner quietness and soul-resting peace. Reluctantly we turned our mounts back to the trail, leaving the park officials to make their observations at the falls. We did not suspect it then, but later we had reason to believe that their visit resulted in an invasion of the canyon that filled the Indians with terror.

132 The sun's rays had by now reached us. And the parching waves of heat which the walls reflected filled us with almost unbearable thirst. A large fat dog that we had not been able to prevent following us, crept under bushes or ledges of rock for one precious moment of shade, then ran, panting, to catch up with us. Finally he crawled under a rock and his pitiful moans told us that for him the journey had ended. On our return, we found his body huddled far back under a shelf of stone.

133 Beaver Canyon, a narrow crack in the terrain over which we were traveling, cut across our path. A short bridge would have spanned it, but when we peered into its depths it seemed bottomless; we made the twenty-mile detour around it. We had had no
000 food since our early breakfast, so after rounding the canyon's head at four o'clock, we dismounted and prepared supper. Ute slid over a steep incline into the gorge, and filled two canteens from a spring. Our fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, green beans, peaches and cocoa disappeared so rapidly that we were appalled when we discovered that Ute, who had agreed to bring his own food, had only a green watermelon (which he declined to cut) and a few peaches. We shared with him, and he was quite pleased with our contribution. We had yet to learn that an Indian carries a minimum of food and travels long stretches without water.

When we had finally completed the long detour around Beaver Canyon, Ute led us to a "rain tank" and the horses had their first drink since we had left home. Then darkness settled down rapidly and it was time to make camp. While we ate a hasty lunch from
609 a shelf of stone, Ute cut his green watermelon and devoured it noisily in addition to the food we gave to him. He held himself

aloof in true old-Indian fashion. A younger Havasupai would have 619 made himself one of the party and pointed out places that had made tribal history, but Ute wrapped himself in profound silence. Later, when mosquitoes, gnats and flies came from out of nowhere to torment us, he built a fire and tended it all night to keep them at a distance. Frances and I spread our blankets near a boulder, and I 600 slept until the dazzling moonlight awakened me. The night was too gorgeous to waste in sleep. I lay awake for hours on the hard sand, under the deep blue desert sky, watching the brilliant stars and a majestic moon riding the heavens.

We ate breakfast by moonlight, and packed the burros for an early start. The day would bring heat and burning sand, and we had only one canteen of water left. There was no trail now. Frequently we forced our horses up banks and over boulders, while we walked to make the climb possible for them. Old Ute led the way, and I kept close to his horse's heels. His one good eye was quick in locating landmarks and in finding the faint imprints of his horse's hoofs, made on his scouting trip. When we approached a rough stretch, he motioned for us to dismount. This passed, he would give an upward fling of his hand as a signal for us to climb on our horses. Once when he gave the signal to remount, he turned to me and his wrinkled face broke in a grin as he spoke the Havasupai word for mounting a horse. Before that, he had been just an elderly guide, unkempt and uncommunicative. The friendly gesture and his willingness to teach the Hicos changed his status—old Ute became human and likable.

I brought my horse as close to his as the rough ground would permit, and repeated the word. He made me say it over and over until he approved accent and pronunciation, then he asked, "*Hico, cavia?* (White people say what?)" I told him, "Mount horse." He jogged along, repeating "Mount hoss, mount hoss," until he had the words memorized. We took other words, the names of plants, animals and land formations, which he taught me, then I gave him the English equivalent, each of us playing the game with relish.

000 Mr. James and Frances brought up the rear, taking turns in releasing the young pack burro from the catclaw bushes into which she repeatedly rammed her way—packsaddle and all—in order to thrust her head into the cooling shade. Occasionally I interrupted my lesson with old Ute to take my turn at extricating the animal from a thorn bush.

133 About eleven o'clock that morning, old Ute pointed ahead and shouted excitedly, "Hackataia! Hackataia! (Roaring noise!)"—the Colorado River. In the distance we saw the red north wall of the Grand Canyon. We rode on as far as the horses could travel then tied them to some bushes and climbed a mile to a point where Havasu Canyon joined the Grand Canyon.

I had promised myself that I would not leave the school until I had traced the Blue Water from its source to its mouth. This was the end of the stream. In one of his books, Mr. James had expressed the hope that he might make this trip we had just completed; so he too had realized an ambition.

So far as we were able to learn, no white person had ever before stood on this point—two thousand feet above the rivers and several thousand feet below the upper rim of the canyon. We could neither climb down the precipitous wall to the water nor make our way over the canyoned white limestone to the plateau, but must return by the route we had come.

The Colorado—two thousand feet down—was no more than a brown ribbon, twisting, and threshing its way through a crooked gorge. At this point it made a turn, and into the apex of the curve the Havasu River poured its torrent of blue, sparkling water. Its clear, strong current could be traced for a long distance before it disappeared in the muddy water of the larger river. Havasu Canyon was filled from wall to wall with a dense, green jungle, forming a vivid contrast to the bed of sand and stone through which the Colorado roars.

000 I took my camera and went to the rim. Below were outjutting rocks from which I could get a picture of the junction of the two rivers. I eased my way down but the heat curled the film, making

it useless. The rocks were scorching hot, the canyon terrifyingly 000
deep; I became so dizzy that I crawled back to the rim with great difficulty.

After lunch we started home. The heat increased; we suffered 312
with thirst, for both canteens were empty. After several miles, Ute led us to a "rain tank" in a side gulch, to which we could not take the horses. We lay flat on the ground and drank our fill of the stagnant rain water that had collected in the concave surface of a layer of stone. Then we noticed a half-dozen lizards, white 000
stomachs turned to the sky, floating on its surface. Within a few minutes I developed a blinding headache and could not sit in the saddle. I lay in the shade of a mesquite while Frances bathed my face with some of the water which we had reluctantly poured into the canteens, and massaged the tight cords in the back of my neck until I was able to ride again. This was as near sunstroke as I ever wish to be.

Late that afternoon we returned to the pool where we had watered the horses the previous day. They were wild for water. Ute's horse reached it first, and drank until he began to bloat and groan in agony; so Frances and I took ours away before they could satisfy their thirst. We urged the horses on, conscious of that long detour around Beaver Canyon. Finally we arrived at our quarters, tired, hungry and dirty, but filled with a vision that time cannot erase of angry waters fighting their way through stone walls.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Havasupai Home Life

595 ☞ I had discovered by this time that there were polygamous marriages among the Havasupai, and often wondered how much they disturbed the serenity of the homes involved. And then one day during a visit to the village, Head Chief Manakadja led me to one of two brush wickiups set in the same yard. Entering, with me, he pointed to an elderly woman sitting in a corner, shelling corn, and said laconically, "Old wife." Returning to the yard, we entered the second wickiup. A woman much younger than the "old wife" sat within, weaving a basket. In the same matter-of-fact fashion Manakadja pointed to her and remarked, "Young wife," then hurried through the low doorway to identify, by name, his children playing in the yard, several of whom were enrolled in school.

595 648 The innocent way in which he had called my attention to his two households made it difficult for me to break the news which surely would be a staggering blow to him. But I could not ignore the Commissioner's order to field officials regarding polygamous relations without taking a chance of being called to account. So I explained, "The Great Father in Washington made a paper talk; he said an Indian may have one wife, only one. You have two."

Manakadja stood for a bewildered moment just staring at me, then he asked, "What they do, wife, chillen, I no keep? Where go?"

[p.138]

That was one phase of the situation the Great Father had not 595
thought out; neither had I. The old wife and her children would 648
be the ones to go, and she had borne her share of trouble. I told him to keep both families, and give them equal care. I did not report his case to Washington, nor did I seek advice as to the best method for disposing of surplus wives and children.

The Indians said that Manakadja had first married the older 585
woman, a member of his tribe. Years later, while camped on a mesa, he met a young Paiute woman whom he wanted for his wife. Whether the Paiute girl objected to sharing his affections [597
with another or whether he had tired of the "old wife," he dis- 576]
carded her. Later, they were reconciled and he established homes for the two women in the same dooryard.

Leslie Spier relates a story,* told him by Sinyella, the elderly 586
tribesman, which helped me realize that not all broken marriages involved the heartache I had imagined.

While hunting on the mesa, Sinyella's father met a young Navaho woman, living in a brush shelter of her own contriving. She must have been a venturesome girl to have walked across the snow-covered desert from "away back there" to her camp site, searching for Navaho relatives whom she had heard were camped in this region. The girl had anticipated her need for a campfire [372]
by carrying the Indian's "slow match." This was made by rubbing cedar bark until soft and pliable, binding it with yucca leaves into a slender rope, and igniting one end. The rope was carried in a loose coil. By blowing on the smoldering end, fire could easily be lighted.

Sinyella's father wanted the girl and took her to his home as 586
his wife. Years later, some Hopi men came into the canyon to trade. The woman slipped away to the Hopi village and became the wife of one of the visiting men. Her Havasupai husband followed, demanding her return. When the Hopi man refused to let the woman go, Sinyella's father stated his alternative: "You must give me something; then you can have her." The "some-

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* *Havasupai Ethnography*, American Museum of Natural History.

586 thing" was a good-sized blanket—accepted as a fair exchange for a young and daring wife.

582 Marriage came early to the young people of this tribe. Those
who had established homes were spoken of as "husband" and
586 "wife." The formality of divorce was unknown, and separations
were unusual. Was it the very sacredness of the marriage ceremony
581 that thus secured the stability of the home? I knew that almost
every act of a Havasupai's life was performed according to a
prescribed formula. Since marriage was the basis on which the
home existed, and tribal government was dedicated to family
welfare, the ceremony uniting man and wife should be most
impressive.

581 On Bob's next visit to the school, I had my explanation. "Man,
113 woman, love, they marry—that all. Coyote tell Indians that.
Coyote not un'erstand paper marry, like white man. He tell us
all he know. Coyote our father. People do like he say."

There it was again, "Coyote is our father," an expression that made me question how Coyote differed from Deer and Bear. Sometimes a man would say, "Coyote taught us." Coyote's unique leadership gave me the feeling that in some way, the animal was a member of the tribe. Other tribes had gens or clans, each designated by the name of a wild animal. This leads to the thought that when the tribes separated, one clan, the Coyote, may have become the Havasupai people.

584 Among a people so dominated by ritual, it was surprising
to learn that marriage here was often consummated by a sort
of hit-or-miss procedure. The boy might take his chance by
slipping into the wickiup of the girl's parents at night. If he
were not welcome, the women of the lodge chased him out, and
if he were not too fleet of foot, gave him a beating that discouraged
any thought of return. But if he were accepted by the girl and
583 her family, he presented his gifts to the parents and moved into
the family home.

584 *Not all marriages were arranged in this manner. In the small*
591 village of Supai, each individual knew every other person in-

timately, so when two young people fell in love, with the parents' 584
consent they set up housekeeping, usually with the girl's family. 591

Like Jacob of old, the boy became a member of the household, 591
serving or working with his father-in-law. With the arrival of children, the young couple established their own home, unless the girl's parents were old and needed their help.

Life in a Havasupai home with its unfathomable undercurrents 080
was even more interesting than the mysteries hidden in the canyon walls. These people lived close to the earth; the soil was warm and friendly, giving life to the sustenance by which they survived. It was the table from which they ate, the chairs on which they lounged; on it they built their cooking fires. They liked the feel of the familiar earth beneath their feet as they walked, and under their bodies at night. To it, as to the stones and water, they ascribed a living force. Just why they paid tribute to inanimate things instead of to the power that created them, I failed to understand. But I had no difficulty in understanding why they hedged themselves about with superstitions. Hadn't I, when a child, broken a mirror and been told that certainly bad luck would follow? Why had my race become subservient to this and other superstitions as senseless as those that dominated the lives of the Indians? I have never learned the answer. But I was reminded of some of the latter at a home where a young mother and grandmother were caring for a new baby.

Happy chatter and laughter greeted me as I approached the 854
open doorway of a half-dugout, dark within, but clean and neat. A girl of about fourteen, sitting on a blanket on the dirt floor, held a baby in her arms. An older woman, squatting near by, gave the baby a gentle pat and, glancing up at me, asked, "Papoose, you think good?"

"Very good," I assured the grandmother, "and very pretty. A 843
perfect little girl." The mother didn't impress me as being a person who would give much thought to superstitions or taboos but if she hadn't observed them, how could she account for a perfect baby? She knew taboos, the older women had seen to that;

843 so she must have remembered, the last few weeks before the baby came, to use a stick, not her fingers, to scratch her body. Somehow, she must have avoided hearing the cry of certain wild animals or the creature's spirit would have entered her child, causing it harm. There were other restrictions, but there in that close room I couldn't recall them, neither could I imagine this carefree young mother keeping them in mind.

304 The baby slept quietly, evidently feeling no pain from her recently pierced ears. According to tribal custom, the grandmother had pierced the ears in several places with a sharp thorn, inserting a thread to keep the wounds open, and rubbing in deer fat to prevent infection. When the little girl was old enough those ears 301 would dangle bright strings of beads, numerous silver ornaments, or bright pieces of wood.

845 She was such a cunning little thing that I was relieved to 847 learn she was not a twin. There was an old superstition that the souls of twins were in such close sympathy that whatever happened to one must, of necessity, happen to the other. Thus, if one suffered an accident, sickness or death, the other could not escape the same fate. For this reason, one twin was sometimes destroyed at birth. If the grandmother still clung to this superstition, and there had been a twin brother, it would have been her duty to dispose of the girl in order to free the boy of the dual handicap. For among a primitive people, even though men outnumbered the women, the girl would have stood small chance.

854 A cradleboard, padded with soft cloths, leaned against the wall. The grandmother laid it across her lap, put a blanket on it, then arranged the baby, hands snugly at its sides, body and legs straight. Wrapping the blanket about the infant, she bound her firmly in place. When strong enough to crawl, the child would 856 be released from this confinement and allowed to propel herself 855 about in the manner of all normal children, until she learned to walk. And this stage of development would put to the test the parents' observance of still another superstition. If either had killed a snake in recent months, their baby might be doomed to

crawl, lacking the strength to stand erect and walk. When killed, 856
a snake loses its spirit. Where else can it go but into the child? 825
However, this baby's legs showed no signs of weakness.

Childhood days would be pleasant for this little girl. There 855
was no "nap time" nor "meal time" for Havasupai children. They played until they tumbled over asleep, awakened when they felt like it. If they were not around when the pot of stew was taken from the fire, they filled their stomachs when they came home.

Children and grownups played together, and the stream was 857
their playground. The little folks darted through the water as 524
guiltless of clothing and as agile as small brown fish. The women frolicked, laughing and screaming, somewhat hindered by their long underslips, but missing none of the fun, while the men, enjoying more freedom in this sport as in other activities, wore only loincloths. They loved nothing better than to take a burro into a deep pool, piling children on his back until they submerged him to his nose. They would tip him over backward, holding him under much too long for his comfort, shouting with laughter when he came up sucking air into his lungs noisily and painfully. Yet the burro seemed to enjoy these bouts, entering the water willingly if not eagerly.

The intelligence used by the parents in training their children 861
would set a worthy example for any race. A mother did not scold. Instead she taught her small daughter to play grownup, to weave baskets, sweep the floor, carry water and make fiber brooms. This training prepared the child to care for a home of her own. But, wisely, this training went beyond material things, for the little girl was also taught to be kind to her husband's people. This early training was responsible, I think, for the harmony with which those related by marriage worked and played together.

Young boys must rise while it was "little light" and run swiftly 881
toward the rising sun. This prepared them for the hunt and made 224
them swift in capturing the enemy. They were indoctrinated in the ritual of the hunt which involved many superstitions and taboos. To ensure success, prayers must be offered at shrines or hunting

869 shrines—appropriate pictographs on walls or stone. The ashes
224 *of deer droppings*, sprinkled at specified times and places, made
789 success more certain.

Physical punishment was seldom inflicted on a child. In all
861 my experience I never saw an Indian parent strike a child. A
774 whipped child loses courage, they said, and his soul withers and dwindles away until he dies, for the soul of a child is a tender thing and easily hurt.

626 However, the case of old Captain Burro was utterly at variance
with this gentle philosophy. He seldom appeared at the school,
681 spending his time among the villagers, where, as a rule, he was ignored or subjected to rude jesting. When a small boy he may have been an incorrigible thief or liar or he may have defied tribal superstitions or taboos for he had been subjected to the *jelke* punishment, and the ignominy of it went with him through life. One can well believe that this savage punishment would shrivel a child's soul, for the excrement of animals was used to make a smudge, over which the boy's head was held until he was limp from suffocation. It was not the physical torture that marked his soul, but the revolting form in which it was administered, accompanied by taunts and jeers. This he could not live down, nor could he escape the brand of liar and thief it put upon him. The bitter ridicule of men who loved nothing so well as a jest at another's expense would follow him until death.

His "withered soul" reminded me of Lily's crippled hand, and the Walapai's ridicule. The Indians had not learned to tolerate with sympathy those who did not conform to the established pattern, socially or physically.

889 Most beautiful of all, to me, was the instruction to children
regarding the care of the aged. "When your grandparents are
867 old and blind, lead them gently where they want to go. Break off chunks of the good corn bread baked in the ashes, and put them into their mouths. If they have no teeth, feed them the
889 warm corn mush." I never saw any evidence that the old and
helpless were neglected or turned out to die, as was so often

the custom among the Walapai. One day, in fact, I came upon a wickiup housing four generations. They were all assembled in the yard that afternoon: blind great-grandfather, sprightly grandfather, father and son—talking and laughing, the older men smoking their pipes. Near by, a partially blind elderly woman, who had lost her husband, kept house for her grandchildren. Others, childless and too old to work, were living out their lives comfortably in the homes of relatives. 887 592

This village with its abundance of food and carefree atmosphere formed a strange contrast to the Walapai community, where hunger nibbled at the edges, and poverty and sickness stalked within. Contentment, even happiness permeated the village. Secure in their homes, crop failures unknown, storehouses filled, the People of the Blue Water very naturally remained loyal to their gods, who, from the Days of Old, had watched over the Havasupai families and provided for their welfare. 511

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Frightened Shamans

514 Manakadja had come to my office on an official call. His linen duster and the derby hat perched atop his braids were special attire. These were the only ones I had seen, so I knew 6 413 the occasion was important. After the exchange of greetings, tension eased a bit, and the chief reached into an inner recess of the 237 duster and brought forth a thin slice of bone. It was a head-scratcher, made from the leg bone of a deer, eight inches long, flat and highly polished. It widened from its point to a broad end through which a hole had been drilled for the insertion of a [132] buckskin thong. A louse, complete in every tiny detail, was tattooed on its point.

Fully appreciating the humor of his act, he illustrated how one stirred up the little fellows when they nipped too hard. He asked, "You savvy?" Then added, "You like 'em, two bits."

515 413 Necessity had devised this clever instrument; for even though we waged constant warfare against lice, and the Indians cleaned one another's heads, vermin were still a scourge. If one were too busy in his garden or at games to have a head-cleaning, the head-scratcher came into use. I occasionally picked up a louse or two myself during a conference or in a wickiup while working over the sick.

I bought the chief's headscratcher. It would convince my friends back home that I had lived among a primitive people. It still is one of my choice possessions.

[p. 146]

But only a week or two later, Manakadja came to see me on a *far more* serious mission. His son Jasper was desperately ill. 755

The boy had developed a high fever; his flushed face and burning skin told me how sick he was when I visited him at his father's wickiup. There were drugs of all kinds in my office, requisitioned by one of my predecessors, but we had no one to administer them. Regardless of what happened to any of us, Indian or white, I had no authority to summon a physician nor funds with which to pay for his service. Jasper's parents and I did all we could to relieve the boy's suffering, but he seemed hopelessly ill, and none of us could determine the cause. I sent him crackers, canned fruit, tea, any food he could eat, but our supply, freighted out from Seligman and packed down the trail, was limited and the food expensive.

Manakadja had reverted in his distress to the primitive. Linen dusters and derby hats had no place in his life now. He told me frankly that he wanted to employ a medicine man. It was not until months later that I learned what a medicine man did to the sick, so I offered no objection. Usually when an Indian hired a medicine man, he kept the matter secret from the teachers, even to the [609] point of denying it. This was due to his desire to protect his tribal customs from interference by officials who neither understood nor sympathized with them. Because we were instructed to discourage such practices, we usually did just that. Manakadja's candor was refreshing. I could not help the boy, so I told the chief to do whatever he thought best. I really hoped that I might see the medicine man at work and discover by what procedure he healed the sick.

We had three *shamans*—medicine men—in the tribe at that 756 time, A'mal ("Sack"), Rock Jones and Bob. I knew all three, and thoroughly liked Bob. For years A'mal had been considered the most successful, his reputation firmly established by his spectacular healing of Lanoman, after other medicine men had failed. He was distrustful, I think, of white people who gave him no credit as a healer, and held himself aloof. Bob was a heavy-set

756 man, a good mixer, jolly, with none of the defensive reserve and ostentation of the ordinary shaman. Rock Jones was a stolid, good-natured man. Both he and Bob occasionally rode up to the school for a social visit.

These two had a common distinction: each claimed that a dying shaman, a blood relative, had instructed him in the art of healing and had bequeathed to him his own shamanistic spirit, ~~his songs,~~ gourd rattles and the other paraphernalia he himself had used in his practice. This was the easiest and quickest way by which a man could acquire the knowledge and skill a medicine man must have. Otherwise, he must seek one of the animal spirits created by the mythic people of the Long Ago who had hidden it away in a world reached only through dreams. This took time and the result was uncertain, for if the spirit refused to enter his body, his ambition was never realized.

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If an aspirant dreamed of hunting deer, it indicated his shamanistic spirit was the deer spirit; or his dream might be of a wolf, coyote or some other animal. The animal that came in his dream was the one whose spirit he must own if he were to become a healer. Night after night he concentrated on wooing this spirit, discouraged when it coyly approached only to vanish, but continuing his efforts until he had it safely within his body. Then it was his to command. He could dispatch it on missions to ferret out information of an occult nature, things human beings could not learn for themselves, or he could send it scurrying through the body of the sick to discover the cause of the illness. While on such missions, the spirit could be heard talking to the shaman; when it returned, you could see the shaman gulp it down and hear it talk or sing, telling him all that it had seen or heard.

Those who had not inherited a dying shaman's songs must dream their own. First, a rattle was made by removing the pulp from a gourd, inserting pebbles, and attaching a wooden handle that would withstand vigorous use. This was placed within easy reach while the man slept. When a thread of song ran through his dreams, he roused quickly, seized his gourd and, rattling an accompaniment, sang the song over and over until he had memorized it. 756 787

A'mal must have qualified as a medicine man through the medium of dreams, which demanded the deep concentration that had given him such assurance and authority. In the past he never doubted his supernatural power, and his success had been phenomenal. Bob and Rock Jones took their practice less seriously. In fact, Bob often laughed at the suggestion that he possessed unnatural skill in healing. Bob's and Rock Jones's indifference probably was due to old Chief Navaho whose brutal acts had caused the shamans to doubt their own skill.

756 As was their custom, the Indians who were relatives or close friends visited Jasper, studied him for symptoms they had learned to recognize, and then pronounced their verdict—death! So when Manakadja asked A'mal to treat his sick boy, A'mal went through his ritual for a few nights, then refused to make further visits. The chief appealed to Bob, but he, like A'mal, was reluctant to put his skill to the test, especially since the Indians had predicted death for the boy. Bob was in a tight spot. He did not want to offend the head chief by refusing, neither did he want to comply since he was aware of the fate of healers who, too often, failed. So he asked me to give him the white man's medicine for Jasper. I was puzzled, not knowing what medicine to give him until I remembered that Jasper had a hard, dry cough. Believing it would relieve the boy, I gave Bob a small bottle of cough sirup. He accepted it gravely, carried it out to our gate, and leaning against a post, took a long draft of the sweet sirup. He replaced the cork, mounted his horse and rode away. That was the usual fate of our cough medicine. It seldom reached the patient, unless we took it to him.

177 Several days later the chief himself came, insisting on medicine supplied by the United States Government. He wanted to see me pour it from a bottle on the shelf. I gave him cough sirup. He held the bottle up to the light, peered through the sparkling red

177 liquid, and asked anxiously, "Heap good? You think heap good?"

My first impulse was to tell him honestly, "No, I do not think heap good, but it is the only medicine on these shelves that I know how to give, except quinine and castor oil." But honesty would have destroyed the spark of hope his face still held, so I replied, "It will ease Jasper's cough, and I hope will help him to get well."

After he had gone, I looked upon the rows of bottles and tins with positive loathing; drugs enough to stock a drugstore, but useless to us. Most of the containers had never been opened. Who had requisitioned them? Why had such a requisition been honored when the school had never had a doctor nor a nurse nor anyone who was legally qualified to dispense drugs? A visiting official had exclaimed, "You have enough drugs to last the city of Chicago for ten years. What can you do with them?" The Indians asked for medicine only on rare occasions; their suspicion of the white man's drugs was greater than their doubt of their own medicine men's skill. Giving this no thought, I had sent medicine to Jasper. If they gave him a dose or two, and the boy died, it would be a matter of cause and effect, and the blame would be mine.

Two days later, Manakadja was back; hope had given way to despair. "You give 'em new uniform, bury my boy," he requested.

Surprised and shocked, I asked, "Is Jasper dead?"

"Pretty quick die," he said, his face tight and gray with suffering.

"Did you give him the medicine?" I asked, anxious to learn what had been done with the cough sirup.

He shook his head. "I taste. No good."

I was so relieved to learn that Jasper's relapse could not be laid to the cough sirup that I gave Manakadja a new school uniform without waiting to learn whether or not I had authority to issue government clothing for the dead.

163 It was the custom to gather about the sick and mourn, telling

763 him of his approaching death. Immediately after death, the body was laid with the head toward the spirit land to the northwest, to which the soul would take its flight. It was lovingly washed, dressed in the best clothes obtainable, wrapped in a choice blanket, and the face painted. The body was then laid, face down, across a favorite pony for the trip to the burial ground.

They would hold a cry over Jasper while he was yet alive, and the child would know that he was entering an unfamiliar world. Thinking of this, I went to my stores and took a generous supply of food to send him. I had not given up hope, and the mere act of sending him food increased my confidence. The chief's face brightened as I loaded his arms. Even though he carried burial clothes, he was thinking of the food his boy would eat, instead of how soon he would die.

757 Saturday afternoon Bob came bustling into my office, his face beaming with excitement. "Big chief's boy no die!" he exclaimed. "Maybe get little better. Pretty quick, *tabolwa* [sweat lodge]." So I went at once to Manakadja's place, arriving just in time to witness the sweat lodge ceremony for the healing of the sick.

345 The framework of the sweat lodge stood on a smooth patch of sand near the stream. Long poles, their butts thrust into the ground, their tips held together with bark or yucca leaves, formed a dome-shaped lodge about six feet in diameter and four feet high. A gap between two of the poles provided a low entrance. Long use had worn the floor of the lodge to a rounded depression. It was now thickly covered with fine willow twigs and leaves to make a soft bed.

757 Jasper's mother, one of Manakadja's two wives, came from her wickiup carrying Navaho blankets which she spread over the framework, several layers deep, making the interior as dark and airtight as possible. She went to the near-by fire and scattered live coals from the burning logs over the stones she was heating. Next she placed a pitch-smeared basket of cold water within the lodge and beside it laid some green twigs; then she was back at her fire, smothering the stones again with fresh coals.

757 Two men, wearing only breechcloths, emerged from the chief's larger wickiup, carrying the boy, limp and unconscious. Tenderly they eased him into the sweat lodge while another, as nearly nude as they, held aside the blanket that closed the doorway. The two [782] men entered to administer the bath and to sing the songs of supplication and thanksgiving that are a part of the healing ceremony. Jasper's mother, using two heavy, green sticks, lifted hot stones from the fire, one by one, and placed them within the lodge. The blanket was lowered to close the opening.

757 The men in the lodge sang two songs in a loud, high chant, but 533 I could not grasp the meaning. However, Mr. James had inter- 755 preted the songs that were sung when he had entered a *tobolwa* as being repetitions of their god Tochopa's instructions in preparing the lodge and conducting the ceremony. After these minute instructions had been sung many times, the singer became a suppliant, praying to the heat to heal the head, the lungs, the feet, the ears, until each organ of the body of which he had any knowledge had been named many times. At the completion of the two songs, sung to wild, erratic music, the leader dipped the twigs into the water and sprinkled the heated stones. A biting, acrid steam filled the lodge, making the lungs ache with its fierce heat. More sizzling rocks were shoved inside, more water was sprinkled on them, more songs were sung.

757 755 I watched and listened, intent on learning all that I could of this ancient and sacred rite. Because they so heartily despised the white man's curiosity, his prying into their sacred ceremonies, I must be sympathetic in my effort to discover the deep truth back of it all. I must convince them that I believed, as they did, in the healing *tobolwa* (sweat bath).

757 755 345 [776] I knew they felt as I would feel if someone should enter my church and crane his neck and gawk, not with the hope of spiritual enrichment, but rather to observe the reactions of congregation and minister. I respected their sincerity. Tochopa was their benign god. He had taught Those of Old how to build the *tobolwa*: the framework of poles, the covering of green boughs and mud sealing it

tight so no heat might escape. But for some reason, the Indians 757
no longer built those permanent, mud-covered structures; blanket- 755
covered lodges such as this had replaced them. 345

In fifteen or twenty minutes the two men had completed the 757
ceremony and emerged, carrying Jasper between them. They 756
plunged him into the stream, laid him on a blanket which his mother had spread on the sand, and wrapped the blanket over him. All this time he had seemed unconscious, his eyes closed. But soon a warm glow suffused his skin, and the watching men and women stirred, murmuring happily; the boy was on the road to recovery. The healing ceremony of Those of Old had again done its work. A short time later Jasper was back in my classroom, a golden, red-cheeked boy, brimming with health.

While Jasper lay resting after his bath, Manakadja had gone 431
to his older wife's house and returned with four hard ears of corn, presenting them to me as a token of his appreciation for my help in caring for his son. He was paying for what he had received, but there was more to it than that. Corn in the hand had the feel of warmth; it had life; and one could dicker for a long time in a trade by slowly adding grains to the buying price.

I could not use the corn, but in working with a people who were quick to anger and who punished with death, I stood in need of the things it denoted—the friendship and confidence of the tribe's head chief.

Jasper had recovered—without the magic cures of a medicine 620
man. But why had the shamans, especially A'mal, whose reputa- 756
tion was unblemished, evaded the request of their head chief to hold a sing over his son? Navaho's influence, I learned, was still at work, although the former big chief had been dead for three years.

Indeed, not long after this, the Indians began talking more 620
freely about Navaho's cruelty. One old man told me he had helped 756
Navaho take a discredited medicine man up on a cliff, cut out his 681
heart and toss his body over the precipice for the birds and the beasts to devour. He did not say what they did with the heart, but

622 756 681 it must have been something significant, for the heart was the seat of the emotions, the symbol of life. The story was so startlingly akin to Old Testament accounts that it helped me to realize how many years of progress these people must in some miraculous way achieve before they could take their place in twentieth-century civilization.

Another medicine man fell by Navaho's hand, accused of sending his shamanistic spirit to make the people sick while posing as their healer. And the people, believing their chief was protecting them from evil, applauded.

622 511 Navaho was their Solomon. While I was with them they were still speaking with warm approval of the justice meted out to the young Apache man who escaped and sought sanctuary with the Havasupai while his tribe was being taken to San Carlos by government officials. Navaho heard the man's plea, then told him that by deserting he might cause his people to endure additional hardship at the hands of the white man. Therefore, he must return to his tribe. When the man replied that he would never return, Navaho, without speaking a word, struck the Apache dead. This was the type of justice the Havasupai understood. A tribesman did not seek safety at the expense of his own people.

622 Navaho was "Master of the House" to the Havasupai. He ruled with an iron will, but more justly—according to their sense of justice—than the people had ever been ruled before. He enforced the old customs and traditions: obedience to their gods, the *toholwa*, full granaries, the dance, the hunt, complete self-sufficiency of his people with no interference from the white man. At his death, the tribe lost its last great leader, a man respected for his strength and courage by both white men and Indians.

622 756 But his brutal handling of the medicine men had had a devastating effect. Every shaman in the village remembered and acted with caution. Each knew that a persuasive tongue could turn the people against a healer, that death was the penalty. No medicine man in the tribe, therefore, was willing to treat Jasper. The people, in a state of indecision, would have turned from healing by incanta-

tions to healing by diagnosis and medicine, but no medical doctor 622
was available. Washington was too far away to recognize its op- 756
portunity to teach the Havasupai and their shamans a better and
a safer way to cure illness.

The people themselves had not lost their peculiar intuition. They 763
gathered about the sick and freely expressed their opinion. Sometimes it would be, "Pretty quick, die. Maybe sun go down." If they formed a favorable opinion, the announcement would be, "You get well, four, five suns."

When I was taken sick shortly after my arrival, I found comfort in the more cheering of the two verdicts.

I could not diagnose my ailment; even had I been able to do so I should not have known which drug of those we had on hand would be the proper remedy. Perhaps each twinge of pain was intensified by the knowledge that no matter how ill I became no doctor would come to help me. But the Indians came. News went through the village that Hico (white person) was sick, and they flocked to see me. They stood off a short distance from my bed, each uneasily making his careful scrutiny. They were looking for the sunken eyes, the pinched nostrils, the pallid skin—symptoms that had a special significance. They shifted their positions, pointed and gestured and talked in low voices, then the spokesman pronounced their opinion: "Pretty quick, get well. Indians sick all same, get well all right." They had not seen "the look of death" in my face. They filed out as silently as they had entered, and their visit did me as much good as one from a medical doctor. They had said I'd get well. And they usually were right about that "look of death."

Years after I left the canyon, the doubt Navaho had planted as 756
to the shamans' integrity began to diminish. The medicine men took courage and resumed their calling. Men again placed gourd rattles by their beds and lay dreaming, avidly awaiting the coming of the spirit, the revelation of the songs. Some of these new seekers had been pupils of mine. Among them was a boy named Mark, who learned to rattle the gourd, to sing and to suck from the flesh the spirit that caused the sickness.

On the other hand, Bob lost faith in the shamanistic spirit he had inherited. When he himself became sick, and it failed to heal him, he ordered that at his death the tools he had used in his practice be destroyed. With scrupulous honesty he refused to bequeath his shamanistic spirit to another or to teach his songs to a tribesman. Like Those of Old, Bob was an uncompromising realist, and I have often thought that in his integrity he was unconsciously pointing the way to a brighter future for his people.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Talking Stones

An evening with an old storyteller sitting by his outdoor fire, 538 pipe in hand, means a tale worth remembering. In this setting, the 773 old men passed on to the children the legends of the tribe's wanderings. Of course each narrator spiced his tale with a little of himself, his imagination, his whimsy or his logic. But the theme never varied: always the gods led the Havasupai. When memory grew dim, these storytellers need only tread again an ancient trail, peer into a long-abandoned cave, or read the messages on boulders and stone walls to recapture the story's flavor and sequence of events. Of these legends, one, at least, certainly had the ring of truth.

Evidence other than Indian lore indicates that, generations back, 173 the Havasupai lived in the region of the Little Colorado River. They may have settled there after the god Tochopa, on account of the crowded conditions in Mattawedita Canyon, dispersed the tribes. However, this new location again placed the tribe within raiding distance of the savage Whajes (Apache), who relentlessly drove them from their cliff dwellings and gardens to wander in an unfriendly wilderness. The tribe crossed the desert to the San Francisco Mountains, but even here they could not live in peace, so again took the westward trail, seeking the home to which their gods would lead them. A canyon cut across their path. They worked their way down its rugged walls to the floor—an oasis of greenery cut by a rollicking stream of blue water.

[p. 157]

123 Desert weary, they tarried by the stream, reluctant to leave a spot that had everything they so much desired, but their gods had not yet spoken. Discouraged, they began the long climb up to the plateau and westward. A child cried. The procession halted and the child's voice was stilled. Each effort to resume the journey brought that cry of protest. The wise men quickly issued their edict: "The gods speak to us through the voice of the child; this is the home to which they have led us."

Joyously the people unpacked their loads and began building houses and making gardens.

173 Handed down through many generations, this old tale expresses
776 the Indians' desire to lay in the laps of the gods every problem that affects their lives. On the canyon rim overlooking a wide section of the floor, they found the god-spirit in two gigantic pillars of stone. So they built their houses on either side of the stream of blue water where the gods could watch over them night and day.

133 The Indians' accounts of the god-spirit residing in the two stones turned our attention to the walls of the gorge. Miss Goenawein, the only old-timer employed at the school, had visited every point of interest within walking distance, so she acted as guide.

From the Indians she had learned of the Black Man. After Sunday school she took Frances and me to a side canyon where we gazed up at the shiny, black form of a giant stone man, lying prone as if he had dropped down and fallen asleep. We stood in the hot sun, trying to discover what force had caught and held the black mineral while the red sandstone built its layers around it. Doubtless the old men had a tale about this phenomenon, had we asked them. But in the discomfort of the intense heat and the sunlight striking our faces as we gazed upward, our interest in the Black Man quickly vanished. So we wandered over to examine some pictographs on a boulder, beautiful primitive art that could hold one entranced indefinitely.

212 The boulder stood in the center of the canyon; the base, worn away on one side, left a projecting ledge some four feet above the ground. Stooping low, we crawled under the ledge, straining for

a view of the ceiling. It had been polished smooth, then completely covered with pictures, doubtless the key to the tribe's history, the handwriting of Those of the Long Ago. 212

Several animals which we could not identify were artistically 212 outlined; also done in outline was the buckskin-clad figure of an 532 Indian. Two small right hands, evidently those of a child, had been placed palms down on the ceiling and outlined with white native paint. There were circles, divided into segments which contained symbols. We twisted our necks until they ached, tracing and studying, but the pictures were as meaningless to us as the written words of our language would have been to the people who placed them there. In various other parts of the canyon there were hieroglyphics in strategic places on stones or walls, some depicting the Great Serpent, which must have played an important part in tribal legends. The tribe's old men explained these paintings by saying that when the Apaches and other enemy tribes slipped in and drove the Havasupai out of the canyon, the Havasupai hastily placed them there as messages. These gave the direction the tribe was traveling and its destination for the guidance of those separated from the main body. That may have been true of some of the pictographs, but those on the under side of the boulder were the work of a painstaking artist, possibly created for a hunting shrine, where men offered prayers for success in the chase.

The sun had long since dropped below the rim and deep shadows 000 filled the gorge. We had tramped six miles and were dreading the walk home. Then we saw an Indian pony nibbling at the sparse grass. It lifted its head, gave us a questioning look and came toward us. I took off my petticoat, tore it in strips which we tied in a rope. One of us rode while another led—the gods had been kind to us too! When we released the pony at the school he went running back to his pasture.

Our next exploring trip wasn't just a jaunt by three women; we had an escort, Mr. Burnett, the farmer, and his constant companion, a big yellow dog.

We had heard rumors of a secret crack in the canyon wall through

48r We had heard rumours of a secret crack in the canyon wall through
48 which the Indians fled to the outside when pressed by enemy in-
(33) vaders. Immediately we planned to investigate. When Vesnor learned that we intended to go through the passage, he shook his head gravely and cautioned, "Indian moccasin walk trail all right. Think white man shoe no good." Before we were through with the experience we agreed with him.

After a walk of several miles, we stood in a side gorge and gazed up at a long triangular crevice that split the wall to an incredible height. A ledge of stone, fifty feet above the canyon floor, seemed to form the base from which the crack rose to an apex. We realized that this might prove a little more dangerous than some of our other ventures—but if the Indians went through, so could we. It would be worth the climb to stand under the open sky free from sharp, enclosing walls.

[41] Two Indian ladders (logs on which crosspieces of heavy sticks were tied with leather thongs) took us up to the stone ledge. The loose rungs, giving under our feet, swayed the logs threatening to spill us. Shaky from our tussle with the ladders, we pulled ourselves up, single file, onto the stone ledge and faced the entrance to the crevice through which ran the old Indian trail. And behold! this was not the base of the crack at all, but its centre—the fissure continued downward so deep into the earth that we could not see the point where its sides met. The trail, a mere edge of stone clinging to one of the close-set walls, ran through the narrow crevice midway between the top and the distant bottom.

Mr. Burnett took one look at the precarious trail, then scrambled down the ladders as fast as he dared to solid ground, where his dog anxiously awaited him. How deserted we felt when he left us to face the dark passage alone! I began to realize that we might encounter unsurmountable difficulties in that thin crack before it landed us somewhere "up above." We stood peering into its darkness, wondering what force had cut this vertical chasm through solid stone. Had a river come in from the plateau, carving its way through the sandstone wall, then disappeared? Or had an earth tremor split the stone apart? A few yards ahead the jagged walls seemed to reach across and touch, but the entrance was fairly wide. Rather than turn back, we started the climb.

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The trail grew narrower as we advanced toward the earth's interior, the light from the entrance dimmer, the walls damper. Then, in the darkness, we came to that tricky section that is dreaded by those who use the trail. The ledge we followed disappeared. There were only rounded knobs on the wall for footholds, slippery with the slime and water that oozed over them. Oh, what a fall we might take! We did as the Indians must have done, leaned across the narrow chasm, pressing our hands against the opposite wall to brace ourselves, and cautiously stepped from knob to knob. We tried to keep our nerves steady by refusing to look down at the close-set, ragged walls which fell away to such terrifying depths. I wanted to get down and crawl, but the knobs were too small, spaced too far apart.

Vernor had warned us, so we had put on shoes suitable for climbing, but I kept thinking of the moccasined feet that had worn this path, and the surer ease with which they walked. I knew that one misstep would plunge me to those sharp points far below, or farther down to the bottom of the slimy crevice.

After what seemed endless hours, a dim light appeared ahead. It grew brighter as we worked our way toward it. Presently we emerged in a deep, bowl-shaped depression, but a stone roof above the bowl shut out the sunlight.

Miss Goenawein used the Indians' footholds, while Frances and I boosted her up to the surface. Then she pulled and Frances boosted me out of the hole; together, we pulled Frances up. We were bent double under a boulder that would have completely covered the bowl from which we had just climbed, had not this section of its base been broken away. Crawling out into brilliant sunshine reflected from miles and miles of sparkling sand and red bluffs, we were careful not to stray far from this boulder that hid the mouth of the crevice, for there were thousands of others like it strewn over the barren land. We lacked the Indians' instinct to mark a spot so surely that it could never be lost.

487 133 Over at the rim, we looked down into the canyon we had so recently left, trying to locate the farmer and his dog, but they were not within sight. We stood about, discussing the Indians' frantic escapes through the crevice, and the fact that now it was a short cut for men who had a few ponies grazing on this level. Then one of the girls, just to hear the racket it would make, pushed a small boulder over the edge. Others followed. As they clattered over the wall, striking projections and bouncing far out into the canyon, the farmer came into view, running for his life, his dog leaping at his heels. We were as frightened as he, for we still could hear the falling stones crashing their way down, and knew that if one struck him, the blow would be fatal. We returned, as fast as the slippery crevice would permit and descended the wobbly ladders to the canyon floor.

The farmer confronted us with blazing eyes. "Those stones you rolled down would have killed me and my dog if we hadn't run with all our might," he exploded.

We tried to explain and apologized, but realized we could never again persuade him to accompany us on an exploring trip.

000 At our cottage, old Gentle Annie in her accustomed place at the foot of the cottonwood, waited for me. She wore a strawberry-red dress, my dress. She had wanted clothes, but could no longer see well enough to make them. So each time I came within reach, she grabbed my skirt and begged, "Dress, you give 'em." I was obligated, in a way: hadn't she shared her mescal slab with me? So I had given her the brightest dress I owned. She had been effusive in her appreciation, put it on over her other dress and walked proudly home. As I watched her, aged and tired, making her slow way down the path, I thought of the young wife she had been, standing by her man's side, fiercely defending their possessions, their home and her own body from the grasping hands of the enemy. One of these battles was particularly vivid in her memory.

726 In their younger days, Annie and her man had lived for a time in a cave high up on the canyon wall. In the dark hours of a summer morning, they were awakened by the soft scuff of moccasined feet.

Dimly they saw the hurrying forms of the enemy slipping stealthily 226
past the mouth of their cave toward the village. Escaping through a rear opening, the young couple were working their way down the wall, leaping crevices, scrambling down cliffs, hurrying to warn their tribesmen, when, with a triumphant yell, the invaders gave chase. Gentle Annie and her man outran their pursuers and reached the village already alarmed by the commotion and frantically arming for defense.

At nightfall, when the thieving marauders retreated laden with booty, fighting their way up the trail, many dead, both enemy and tribesmen, lay on the canyon floor. Houses had been emptied of their dried corn, pumpkin and venison. Warm blankets were gone. Corrals held no ponies. Children had been orphaned. Bitterness was in the hearts of the Havasupai at the loss of their tribesmen, and the prospect of the almost impossible task of again providing against the cold winter.

In trying to describe the bitter fight, in the few English words at her command, Gentle Annie's knotted hands clenched and her dark eyes flashed with the violence of her emotions in living again the cruelty and hardship. "We work, we make—they take," was the simple statement that ended her story. The strawberry-red dress was a small gift but it had brought momentary happiness to an old woman in whom the fire of youth had not completely died.

On this visit, Gentle Annie was not thinking of wars; she had 000
business to transact. She carried a little basket containing five fresh figs; offering them to me, she said, "Pigs, pive cent." I bought her figs, split them open and laid them on my window sill to dry. Within a few days they would be rich and sweet.

One day Miss Goenawein mentioned some small rooms or caves 133
excavated in the sandstone wall beneath the gods, that held secrets of the tribe's exciting Days of the Long Ago. My old urge to explore flared. I wanted to learn what possible use the caves had been to these canyon dwellers. Were they granaries such as honeycombed the walls on either side of the village? Were their interiors brightened with pictographs recounting the tribe's turbulent past?

133 Were they carved there by Those of Old? A short trip might give the answer.

We scrambled up the talus on one of the steepest trails I had ever climbed, followed a ledge until we came to many openings in the face of the wall, each a tiny doorway. Stooping, we passed through one of the doorways, but could not stand erect under the low ceiling. The sandstone walls were bare. The floor beneath our feet gave a hollow sound for the caves were in tiers; a row of such cavities was immediately below the ones on this level. The ledge formed a path on which the occupants could pass from one cave to another.

We returned to the ledge and looked down on the peaceful scene so far below: the village, bathed in dazzling sunlight . . . men drying buckskin . . . women weaving baskets or gambling fiercely under their porch shelters . . . a wide pool, dark with the bodies of frolicking children. What need had these people for dome-shaped holes in their canyon wall, holes that bore no evidence of recent use? Yet across the canyon on a flat-topped bluff stood a
[712] fort; through the portholes in its masonry, the canyon could be defended from wall to wall—with help from these ledges.

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714 With the battlefield a panorama below us it was easy to visualize the battles that had been fought on the canyon floor, Gentle Annie and others of her generation unwilling participants. In preparation, the Havasupai armor-bearers hastily scrambled into their armor—buckskin robes falling from their necks almost to the feet protecting the body front and rear, a wad of buckskin in the left hand to protect the face, a roll of it about the neck, the right hand free to wield hatchet or club. The shield-bearers, carrying strong wooden sticks from which buckskin aprons depended, accompanied the armor-bearers in the forefront of the battle or, in retreat, covered the rear. The shield-bearers were of particular importance, for the enemies' arrows clung to their buckskin shields or fell harmlessly from them. Armed men, crouched in the protection of these shields, sent their salvos against the enemy at every opportunity, while the armor-bearers clubbed and beat the invaders.

Fortunately, this tribe, unlike the roving Indians of the desert region, had never come in serious conflict with the United States Army. Had they done so, I am inclined to think the Havasupai may have won, at least the first bout. For an American soldier, confronted by enemy whose armor resembled buckskin nightshirts, and whose shields—their only protection from bullets—were tanned deerskins, would have been so convulsed with laughter that he could not fire a shot. 715

However, the Havasupai had one weapon that no enemy laughed off—their poisoned arrows. Juices extracted from the Jimson weed and other toxic plants, combined with the poison of scorpions and poisonous insects, cemented to the arrow tip with glue from roasted soapweed leaves, made a deadly weapon. They were expert marksmen, and if the flesh was penetrated by one of these poisoned arrows, there was no known antidote. 411

At the approach of the enemy, women and children scurried up the wall to their huge stores of food on a higher level, saved for just such an emergency. Men fought from their homes until driven from the canyon floor, some retreating to the fort to shoot arrows at the pursuers or to roll stones down upon them. Others took to the ledges along the walls, running ahead of the desert pirates, slaughtering them with poisoned arrows. But many, according to the Indians, retreated to this ledge with its little scooped-out rooms in which ammunition and food could be stored and the wounded cared for. Crossfire from the fort and this ledge could annihilate the invaders in this wider section of the canyon, which held the main part of the village. Protected by their armored men and their shield-bearers, the Havasupai warriors descended for hand-to-hand fighting, while archers slaughtered the fleeing enemy from stations along the walls. 26 712

By nightfall, the canyon was cleared. Women and children scrambled down from their high perches, joining the men in caring for the wounded, cleaning up the village, cremating the dead and repairing, as best they could, the damage. Then they held the victory dance; as bloodchilling as had been the conflict itself. 727

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152 It was a gala occasion of feasting and dancing. Faces were grotesquely painted, costumes and ornaments were designed to heighten the emotional orgy. Enemy scalps, taken in the fight, were washed and cleaned by the old women, then tied to the tip of an upright pole. The people danced round and round the pole, patting their mouths, giving a sharp savage note to the victory song, working themselves into a frenzy while they harangued the scalps, blaming them for the raid. "We do not steal from your home. We stay here and make our gardens grow. You kill our people. You steal our food, our blankets, our horses, our women. Now you cannot eat. You cannot sleep warm at night. You are dead."

When Gentle Annie or any of the older Indians spoke of the victory dance, emotions ran deep, their eyes kindled with a fierce light. Again they were driving back the hated foe, running the scalping knife around the hairline of his abandoned dead, peeling off a scalp.

648 Eventually, the Great Father in Washington sent his soldiers to clear the canyon of all hostile Indians and settle for all time the matter of raids. We found the names of soldiers and those of army officers, including General Crook's carved on the canyon walls.

712 We retraced our steps down the trail feeling that, in those little rooms, we ourselves had lived their tribal wars. We crossed over to the fort that stood on an outjutting bluff, impregnable on three precipitous sides; on the fourth side, a narrow trail wound steeply to its top. At several points along the trail we found piles of stones left from their last battle, ready to be rolled down on an enemy. We picked up arrowheads, but could not determine whether they had been dropped there by the Havasupai or shot there by the enemy, nor if they had been smeared with the deadly poison. We peeped through the portholes, took pictures of the place and departed.

713
823 High up on the wall to our left were two lonely figures, the Buck and the Squaw. The Indians had told me the legend of their plight, so we stopped to see how closely the two stones resembled the figures of a man and a woman. At a time when the Apache had

conquered and held all the land on one side of the stream, limiting 773
the tribe to the strip on the other side of the Blue Water, an Apache 623
man fell in love with a beautiful Havasupai woman. He crossed the stream, killed the woman's husband, and fled with her up the steep canyon wall. The Havasupai gave chase, but when the guilty couple had almost reached the rim of the inner canyon, the gods struck quickly, turning the pair to stone. There they remained through all the centuries, a grim reminder to all Havasupai women of the penalty of illicit love.

Such love affairs were not unknown in the village. When neigh- 837
boring tribes came in to trade, a man would dole out the quantity of food he would pay for the transient affection of some woman of the visiting tribe: so many ears of corn, so many measures of beans. Some of the Havasupai women were capricious and took advantage of these occasions to live daringly. However, as a rule, the home seemed to be a stable institution in which man and wife maintained its integrity.

A slow walk through the village, stopping to talk to the people, 361
accepting an ear of roasted sweet corn at one wickiup, a handful of crisp sunflower seed at another; then, with reluctance on my
part, we started home. Somewhere in the canyon walls was a secret 172
cave filled with tools and weapons such as were used by Those of Old. Vesnor, when a boy, had watched old men secrete this native handicraft and seal the cave, leaving no identifying mark. I knew I could never find it, and Vesnor refused to disclose its location. But how adequately these tools would reveal the ancient culture of an agricultural people such as the Havasupai!

We ate a pickup meal, then I sat in our old rocker to read my 208
daily paper, published in Oklahoma City and a week old by the time it reached the canyon. The delay did not lessen the shock of the news of President McKinley's assassination. But the excitement, the hatred and fear aroused by his death could not reach us in our seclusion. We could not plunge into political intrigues and the turmoil of a world that seemed hardly to exist while we lived, vicariously, the adventures of a courageous people in discovering and defending a mysterious canyon.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Day the Mail Did Not Go

060 At four o'clock one morning I was awakened by a loud pounding on my bedroom door. Miss Gonnawein was calling excitedly, "Miss Gregg! Miss Gregg! Come here—hurry!"

I sprang out of bed, shoved my feet into slippers, pulled on a robe and ran to her room. There in the open doorway stood Spoonhead, the mail carrier, the mail pouch clutched in his hand. His long, queer head looked more than ever like the bowl of a spoon as I stared at him, wondering what mischief he had cooked up to get me out of bed at this hour.

484 674 His pony stood in the yard, bridle rein dangling. The saddle was decorated like a Christmas tree with Spoonhead's numerous bundles: food for himself and his horse, extra clothing for the cold nights on the mesa, and those mysterious knickknacks he took on such trips. I did not notice the absence of the large, red Navaho blanket he always carried neatly rolled and strapped to the back of his saddle, until he began gesticulating wildly and shouted, "My blanket! He steal 'em. He go there." He pointed to the base of the canyon wall.

674 578 There I saw a short, heavy-set Indian with a blanket thrown across his shoulders, crouched low, running stealthily from bush to bush, seeking cover for escape. In the dim light we caught only fleeting glimpses of the man. I could not understand why Spoonhead did not give chase and try to retrieve his property.

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"Go after him and get your blanket!" I exclaimed, almost as excited as Spoonhead was.

He did not move. Instead he was watching me brightly, sure that the Hico would settle the difficulty; why else was she here? When he realized that I had no intention of chasing the thief, his elongated face grew inches longer.

"Tell me that man's name," I said. "You know who he is."

"Plenty dark. No can see," was his naive reply.

Later, I learned his reason for evasion. If he betrayed the thief, he would betray himself. Spoonhead wanted his blanket but with no questions asked. He had no intention of catching the thief, and when he made up his mind that I had none, he said, "No take mail. No go. Get no blanket. Plenty cold up there." He dropped the mail pouch to the floor.

"Get on your horse. The mail must go," I told him. "I'll get you a blanket."

At that moment the thief dashed from behind a boulder to a mesquite bush, and I recognized him.

"That's Walapai Bill!" I exclaimed. "You knew all the time it was he. Find Vesnor and tell him to meet me at Walapai Bill's camp. You go there with him."

In the excitement I too was forgetting the sanctity of the United States mail and the tradition that come hell or high water nothing must interfere with its transportation.

The morning still held that darkness that precedes the dawn, and the usual thick fog hung just above the ground, so I went to my room to put on warm clothing.

Like a damp thread the narrow trail wound through dense underbrush so high that it met overhead, with every leaf and twig dripping water. Along the path I caught glimpses of watching eyes that moved through the brush as I moved, but drew back and vanished when I looked directly at them. The village was astir and palpitating with the news that an old feud had flared up anew. Like curious, impetuous children the Indians peeped from bushes and doorways, unwilling to miss an instant's excitement that could

674 be caught and later exaggerated to entertain relatives and friends.

578 Walapai Bill's house was a low mound of earth with a door in one end. He was in the yard chopping brush in short lengths for his cooking fire.

"I want Spoonhead's blanket," I told him shortly. My patience was not improved by the fact that I was cold and soaking wet.

"Didn't see blanket," he said, his graying head bent over the wood. "You look my house, you no see blanket."

I pushed open the rickety board door that hung on leather hinges and entered. The dirt floor was worn to a saucerlike depression, the sides sloping to the flat circle in the center. A search did not reveal the blanket, which was too large and too vivid in color to be concealed easily. His wife also had disappeared. I went outside as Vesnor and Spoonhead rode up on their ponies.

With his usual astuteness, Vesnor knew exactly where to find the blanket. He pursed his lips and pointed to the canyon wall. "Over there, I think," he said. "Maybe wife hide 'em in storehouse."

"Bring the woman here," I told him, "and make her bring the blanket."

He sprang through the brush, climbed the talus, and followed a trail on a shelf of rock until trees and shrubs hid him from view. The Indians crowded in, forming a half-circle about the hut, eager to see the culprit brought in.

Vesnor returned, his hard right hand firmly grasping the woman's wrist. She followed, pulling back angrily with each step, the heavy blanket across her shoulder. Her lord and master had ordered her to hide his loot in their granary and she had had no choice but to obey.

I sent the Indians home except those actually involved in the theft. I told the women to give their children food and get them ready for school, then I investigated the affair.

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695 Walapai Bill's cockiness melted rapidly when he was told that he could be sent to jail for theft, and that his interfering with the transportation of the United States mail was no light matter. His

fat shoulders slumped and his bold daring changed to indecision. 624
He prized above all else his freedom to go where and when he 591
pleased, so built up his defense. 625

"Long time ago, I go on mesa. I hunt seeds, nuts; make good food. I hunt rabbits, deer. Gone long time, maybe so many"—he held up four fingers—"moons. Come home, door all break. Somebody go in house, take saddle blanket. Little one. I think Spoonhead steal 'em. That why I steal Spoonhead blanket. He steal me, I steal him. That way Indians do. Make play like little game; little mad, too."

Spoonhead angrily met the accusation, for not all of the truth had been told, and the blame had been shifted to him. "Long time, Walapai Bill, me, gamble. He lose. One dollar. He no pay. I take blanket. Little one. Worth maybe one dollar," he shouted.

Walapai Bill sheepishly admitted the truth of Spoonhead's 695
statement. Each of them was entirely willing to return the other's blanket for they now realized the gravity of the situation. Spoonhead went to his camp and returned with the saddle blanket which he exchanged for his big Navaho. It remained only for Walapai Bill to pay his debt of honor to wipe out the long-standing feud. Unless this were paid, the good-natured pilfering would start all over again. I suggested that he take care of it. I was not sure that he had the money; if he had, where he kept it was a mystery.

He ducked through his doorway, very reluctantly lifted a rug from the center of the floor, dropped to his knees and began digging in the dirt with both hands. He clawed out the hard-packed soil, tossing the dirt back as a dog throws it when digging a burrow. I watched his queer antics in bewilderment, amused at the concentration with which he worked. Then his pudgy, brown fingers scratched metal and he drew from the hole a rusty baking powder can, with the word "Royal" still legible on its paper cover. He twisted and turned the lid until it came free; then, fumbling around inside, he took a silver dollar from the coins in the can. He handed the dollar to me, and the woebegone look on his face told how hard was the parting. I gave the money to Spoonhead, 685 who stuck it in the pocket of his jeans, grunted loudly, mounted his horse and rode off. Now that he had his blanket, he would ride up the trail tomorrow and across the mesa to Seligman, the mail pouch tied to his saddle.

(68) We settled our troubles as they came to us, so the Postmaster General never knew that a game of chance, played several years before, had that day delayed the delivery of the United States mail.

Walapai Bill took the matter seriously when he realized that his crime could have landed him behind bars, and was grateful for the settlement. He offered his hand in friendship, grinned broadly and said, "You ride my horse. I think good you ride him."

The big bay was in a brush corral near the house. His long bony head and long legs reminded me of that dash across the race track on our way to the Grand Canyon. I declined as graciously as possible, for the morning had taken on a new beauty and I wanted to walk home. The fog, that rose nightly from the stream, drifted upward between the red walls, trailing long streamers. The white clouds it formed sailed majestically eastward across the wide strip of blue sky above the village. Rills of sparkling water traced patterns from the stream to the thirsty gardens. The people were tilling the soil, irrigating their crops or eating their early meal.

264 Kate sat by her outdoor fire, eating toasted sunflower seed from a shallow basket. She grinned at me and I squatted by her fire; its warmth on my cold, wet clothing was something to appreciate. She did not permit my presence to interfere with her breakfast, but scooped up a handful of the crisp seeds, poured them into the right corner of her mouth, moved her jaws for a few seconds, then let an uninterrupted stream of hulls drop from the left corner. Repeatedly she scooped up more seeds, poured them into her mouth without disturbing the outward flow of hulls. It was as mechanical as a gristmill.

"How do you do it, Kate?" I asked, laughing.

She thrust out her tongue. "*It*," she said, moving her tongue across her mouth from right to left. "You try," she invited, pushing the tray toward me.

I tried, but swallowed hulls with the meats, so gave it up. 008

Kate replenished her supply by pouring dried seed[1] into her 256
basket, scraping in live coals, and tossing them together with a rhythmic motion that kept seed and coals in a lively dance until the former were delicately browned. Changing the motion, she eliminated the coals as dexterously as a miner washes sand and dirt from his panned gold. Kate was ready to mill her second batch. Her ample body overlapping her fat legs called for a health talk on the dangers of overweight, but these carefree villagers had robbed me of the mood to lecture. Even to improve the health and the appearance of her body, I could not wipe that look of supreme enjoyment from Kate's pleasant face.

An older woman, bent over a basket she was weaving, sat on 285
a blanket near the entrance to the house, her face lined with 159
anxiety. In working out her design she was using the black bark of the devil's claw (two-pronged seed pod of the unicorn plant) against the white inner bark of the osier. There was something arresting about the woman's dejected posture and the wild, frightened look in her black eyes.

"Yunosi make new basket," Kate volunteered. She held up the basket she was using to show me its burned and broken condition. "I burn," she explained with a giggle. "Make new. I use."

Yunosi! That name explained the drawn muscles of the woman's 159
face, the look of fright in her eyes. Only the previous week Bob 158
had come to the office asking for medicine for Yunosi. His sister, [601]
he called her; but the terms sister, brother and cousin were loosely used to denote almost any blood relationship. From him I had learned her story.

As the wife of Chief Navaho's son, she had held an important position in the tribe. Her husband had been a good mixer; he had liked and befriended white men, and had learned enough English to converse intelligently, and from him Yunosi had learned many
English expressions. A deep and lasting love blessed their union, [175]
so that after his death, she had more than the usual fear that his spirit would hover near her, unable to leave the one to whom he was so devoted.

[1] [i.e. sunflower seeds—Analyst]

157 158 175 Her fear became an obsession. She could not sleep, for she was haunted by visions of her husband returning in the darkness to be at her side. She would cry out to him, not in her native tongue, but in the English he had taught her, calling him by his English name, "Why you come, Tom, why you come?" She would point him out to others in the lodge and ask pitifully, "You no see? He there. Why you no see him?" Their inability to see him only increased her confusion. The hallucination tortured her night after weary night. And her repeated question as she stared and pointed crazily at the apparition no one else could see caused the Indians to give her the new name, "You No See," which soon was shortened to Yunosi. For this affliction Bob had asked me to prescribe medicine, but since cough sirup, castor oil or quinine offered no hope, I sent him away empty-handed.

When I saw how real her suffering was, I longed to help her find peace. As tactfully as I could I explained my belief about death, but she sat like a carved image, with terror in her eyes. Watching her weave her intricate design, I took comfort in the thought that in this tribe of too few women, Yunosi would be wooed again and in establishing a new home, the hallucinations would surely be forgotten.

Yet as I walked back along the trail, I could not shake the memory of Yunosi's terror. Childish feuds over trampled corn and stolen blankets were one thing, but this first encounter with a fear so deeply grounded in myth and superstition made me realize how much a part of their living culture it was; and it would become the heritage of our school children, unless counteracted by education.

068 But the sun's rays were creeping down the white cliffs. Before long Vesnor would be herding the children into the schoolhouse. I would need a more substantial breakfast than a few sunflower seed to fortify me against the further problems of a day in that crowded classroom.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Peach Dance

As summer waned, the Indians' activities centered on the Peach Dance, their annual harvest festival, held in late August or early September to give thanks to Those Above for a bountiful crop and to petition for continued protection and care. 796 527 574

Men and boys hurried to complete a task at which they had worked indifferently for weeks—the clearing of brush and debris from the dance floor. Messengers rode up the trails to the east and to the west, carrying the knotted counting cord extending invitations to friendly tribes. The invited guests need only cut a knot from the cord each day, the last knot representing the day festivities would begin. These guests would bring news, and their presence would add zest and gayety to the celebration. Women left their games of chance and busied themselves at the grinding stones. Vegetables were brought in from the gardens; peaches, figs and apricots, either fresh or dried, were prepared for the big feast. [203 211] [262]

The Peach Dance was one of those age-old ceremonies revealing the true culture of the Havasupai. For centuries men and women of friendly tribes had flocked to the canyon to take part in the festivities and to trade Navaho blankets, ponies, saddles and silver ornaments for garden-grown vegetables, fruits and buckskin. [439]

A few Walapai and several Hopi drifted in for the dance, and our hopes kindled that some of the white men and women who had previously attended this ceremony might make the trip into

776 the canyon. Tourists always brought news from the outside—and
527 how welcome that was! And, too, we caught some of their excite-
574 ment in entering what was, to them, a wonderland. But, since
my arrival, so few had come.

000 One hot summer day, three lads from Princeton, spending their summer vacation hiking across the United States, had walked out from Williams and climbed down the Lee Canyon trail. They were full of fun—and short on food, so we sold them what we could spare from our supplies. They took a quick look around, then went gaily up the Walapai trail to new adventures, leaving me with the feeling that, compared to them, I was very much encompassed by stone walls. Later, the wife of the Governor of Arizona came down with a party of friends to catalogue the flora of the canyon. They camped under the cottonwood, eating their meals from a boulder, quickly finished their work and departed. Their visit heightened our interest in the delicate plants tucked away in cool grottoes as well as in the more abundant hardier ones. And we had met a governor's wife who sacrificed physical comfort for the advancement of science.

Then there was the family from Chicago. They had driven their team across the desert, climbing down the zigzagging Walapai trail and stopped at our door to demand shelter. The frail wife and sick daughter sat their horses, wanting nothing in this world but a bed on which to lay their aching bodies. While I assembled the beds, they rewarded me with a description of the Pacific Ocean as they had seen it that summer, a sea of pale blue fire. Too many fish had perished in some catastrophe in the deep, causing the phosphorescent glow.

Then there had been George Wharton James's visit to the Indian village.

Each one had brought his bit of excitement and information, leaving us the richer for his coming. But now, when we longed only to see again a face from a world that was beginning to seem so remote, to hear what its people were doing, no one but Indians came down the trail.

After the sun had dropped in the west and the canyon walls 796
had cooled somewhat, the Indians assembled at the dance ground, 527
the space previously cleared and encircled by poles interwoven 535
with green boughs. The song leader and the drummer took their stand near a pole in the center of the floor; the men formed a circle about them. Manakadja, as head chief, stood aloof; to him fell the responsibility of correcting any part of the ceremony that varied from ancient custom.

At a signal from the drummer, the men started to dance. The women broke the circle, separating the men, interlocking fingers with them. Shoulder to shoulder, the dancers moved slowly to the left with short, shuffling steps, knees slightly bent, bodies swaying to the rhythm. The dance was orderly, but the weird singing increased in volume until the pole had been circled three or four times, when Manakadja interrupted to harangue the crowd. After he had finished, the circle formed again and the dance continued.

The drum, on which the drummer thumped vigorously, was 534
similar to one I had seen that summer, standing on end where the drummer had carelessly left it after a dance. It was a section of hollow cottonwood log with hide stretched over both ends. The drums of their forefathers had been pottery vessels, in which they poured a little water. The hide stretched over the mouth of the jar was moistened and made taut by upending the vessel. Such 323
drums had naturally been quite common among a pottery-making people; and though there was now a strange absence of pottery, its production had obviously been discontinued only in the recent past. In many places in the canyon floor I had dug up broken clay vessels, whose worn surfaces showed the marks of long and hard usage. They were of a dull gray, crudely decorated in black, and lacked the artistic quality found in the exquisitely finished work of the modern pueblos. Why and how these people had lost the art of pottery-making is one of the mysteries of their changing culture.

The fantastic facial decorations, a band of paint across the eyes, 796
or the face striped with many colors, made some of the dancers 527
unrecognizable. Gala costumes were donned, with coyote or fox 535
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776 tails dangling at the back. The arms, legs and bodies of other
537 dancers were painted white, or white with contrasting horizontal
535 stripes. These grotesque figures added color to the dance and
182 stirred the imagination with old-time fire.

776 In this dance, as in the Walapai mourning ceremony, the village
527 crone had a unique part. Mr. James had told us of seeing women
535 rush to the center pole during the Peach Dance, and, encircling it
156 with their hands, whirl madly about it until they dropped from exhaustion. He had been present when several women darted into the center of the circle, screaming, dancing, foaming at the mouth and pulling their hair as they dashed against one another or against the central post, until they fell in a stupor.

If one of these prone creatures blocked the path of the circling dancers, she was dragged by the hair to one side where relatives cared for her until consciousness returned.

The men looked with tolerance on such hysteria but did not indulge in it. As a rule they were rather stern, self-disciplined, but jolly too.

177 This Havasupai dance may have included some of the ritual of
776 the Ghost Dance, which at one time was the accepted religion of
775 many tribes. It is said to have originated in 1870 based on the
781 doctrines of a Paiute shaman, who claimed to have visited the dead in their far-off home, and learned from them that they would return to join the living. There seems to be very little information available as to the introduction of the cult at this early period or of its influence on the tribes who accepted its precepts. Its value to the cause lay in the fact that it paved the way for the revived Ghost Dance in 1890, which won converts among the Indians from the Sioux in the north to the tribes in California.

The Paiutes were responsible for both its origin and for its revival; the latter came about in a strange manner.

177 Wovoka, a Paiute, was a young lad when his father, described
776 as a "dreamer," died. The boy, through his work among white
781 people on a ranch, learned some English and gained a little
791 knowledge of the white man's religion. When he was about thirty

years old, there occurred a phenomenon that terrified the Paiutes, 177
an eclipse of the sun. The Indians interpreted the eclipse as an 796
attack by some ferocious monster on their god, the Sun. The 791
darkened sun was a dying sun; fear plunged the tribe into wild 821
demonstrations, shouting, the firing of guns, any act that would frighten the monster and force him to abandon his wicked purpose.

During this eclipse, Wovoka became unconscious—he is said 177
to have been ill at the time—and was lifted up to the Other World. 796
Here in a place of celestial beauty he saw all those who had died, 791
happy and ageless in their faraway home. While here he was 785
taught a dance which must be performed at stated intervals for 787
five consecutive days. Wovoka returned to earth, recited his experiences among the dead and taught his people the dance, which became known as the Ghost Dance. He instilled in their minds the belief that by performing these dances as instructed, they would bring their dead back to dwell with the living in eternal happiness on a regenerated earth. This seems to have been an effort on his part to incorporate into his native religion the creed of the resurrection as he imperfectly understood it.

Disciples introduced the tenets of this strange religion to other 177
tribes where the ritual of this cult, like that of the peyote, was 796
made to conform to the will of the cult's tribal leader. In their 786
determination to recall the dead, emotions ran high. In some 787
tribes, men, women and children danced wildly, waving their arms, contorting their bodies, until emotional and physical exhaustion caused them to drop unconscious to the ground. While in this state they, too, entered the land of unearthly beauty and peace where they talked to dead friends and relatives.

In other tribes, the center pole held the "power" to transport a 177
worshiper to the Other World. The Havasupai tied eagle feathers 796
at its tip. To induce the trance, a man climbed to within reach 781
of the feathers where he clung until he became unconscious and fell to the ground. When revived by the medicine man, the pole-climber was expected to relate what he had seen and heard in that far-off land.

827 To the primitive Indian, unconsciousness is "going dead for awhile." I learned this one day when I fainted in the classroom. The children ran from the room in terror, but later told me, "You went dead and we were afraid." The deduction was that one who "went dead for awhile" had most certainly entered the land of the departed and should have exciting experiences to relate.

177 796 However, the people were soon disillusioned. These emotional orgies did not bring back their dead. Even more discouraging, some of those who climbed the pole were said to have died within a short time. This gave the Havasupai their reason for discontinuing the dance. But more potent forces were at work. On some reservations the dances drew large crowds and the emotional demonstrations reached such extremes that soldiers were called in to restore order. One agent, at least, resorted to strategy by preparing a big feast for the day of the dance. Food would be plentiful, and *free*—but no dancing. The feast was well attended—the dance floor deserted. Within four or five years the demoralizing ceremony was entirely discontinued.

796 527 However, after the terrific excitement of the Ghost Dance, the older Havasupai women may have found their native Peach Dance a little slow, so resorted to hysterical demonstrations to enliven it.

The Peach Dance would end with feasting and horse racing.
796 527 574 For the feast men and women were strictly segregated. The former, on one side of the race track, were discussing rules with Manakadja. Across the track, the women were busy with food under a long open-sided shelter.

The men served the food, placing it, according to custom, on green branches spread on the ground. As a matter of courtesy, visiting men were served first. Then men of the tribe. Women and children shared what was left. The feast over, the leaders took turns lecturing the crowd on proper conduct.

796 527 541 Up to this time neither men nor women had manifested much excitement. They had danced the previous night until long past midnight, and were tired and sleepy. The loud thump, thump of the dance drum had echoed and re-echoed up and down the

canyon keeping us awake until weariness deadened the sound. 796
But with the announcement of the first race, the people surged 527
forward, crowding for a place near the track, laughing, shouting 541
and betting on their favorite horses.

Walapai Bill's bay lined up with a dozen other horses for the first race. Had I cared to bet I would have placed my money on him, remembering my wild ride on that same mile-long track. Riderless horses, always betting favorites, were also trained for these races. They started on signal, kept their places in the race and—on occasion—won. No doubt one or more of them had been entered today for excitement was at a peak.

The signal was given, the race was on. Women rushed forward waving their *sutams* and screaming at the horse on which they had placed bets, "Win race! Win! Win!" Men tossed their hats into the air and shouted.

In the midst of the hullabaloo, I remembered the stack of letters that must be answered before the mail went out the next morning. Unlike the Indians I was not free to work only when it was "little light" and play when I felt like it. Unlike the Indians, too, I had no storehouses bursting with food. My subsistence depended on my efficiency. I had no choice but to leave the merrymaking at its height, but not before I'd had a chance to watch Walapai Bill's horse nose up inch by inch and win the race.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Trial by Water

000 Whenever opportunity offered that hot summer, I slipped on an old dress in lieu of the bathing suit I did not have, and took a plunge in the wide pool only a few yards from our cottage. Completely screened by dense bushes and trees lining its banks, I floated lazily across its surface, catching enchanting visions of red walls and blue sky through the overhanging branches. God put something in running water and in trees that rests the soul; this secluded spot had that quieting touch. In its delicious coolness, I forgot the heat that beat back from the walls, the problems, the feuds, even the suffocating air in the crowded classroom. But duty refused to take a holiday, even in soaring temperatures, so the pool gave only momentary relief. One hope was left to us—the summer rains.

132 We knew that Arizona had a rainy season which broke the heat of its long, dry summers, but none of us realized that nature could react with a deluge out of all proportion to the need.

I doubt if anyone except the Indians knew what a flood would do to the canyon and to the houses and gardens on its floor. The Havasupai had an uncanny weather sense. If we had asked them, they would have interpreted the significance of the signs all about us and told us what to expect. But we didn't ask. The Indians must have been convinced that the Hicos knew everything worth knowing or we wouldn't be there trying to teach them, so they didn't bother to instruct us on the means of escaping from a water-filled canyon.

[p. 182]

132 There was no letup in the heat. It was reflected from the walls in visible waves. Work in the classroom was almost unendurable. Heads nodded sleepily when the hot, still air in the low-ceilinged room became heavy with the smell of campfire smoke and sweat. There had been several sudden, pelting rains that passed quickly, leaving the air momentarily fresh and sweet and a little cooler. Now, we watched our narrow strip of sky for clouds, hoping for another shower. Even the occasional cool breeze that swept through the canyon lost its coolness when it came in contact with our torrid walls, so the nights, too, were hot.

000 Out under the cottonwood in our front yard, hung a weather-beaten hammock. Night after night Frances and I had tried to sleep in our poorly ventilated, sultry room; so one night I moved out under the tree. I found that making a bed in the tippy contraption was something out of my line, but managed to hold things down until I got in. It was like riding a bucking bronco; the more I struggled to maintain my balance, the more the bed tipped.

136 The commotion brought faint, squeaking protests from the tree; the small creatures that lived there resented the intrusion. We had amused ourselves many times trying to locate the bats sleeping among the leaves during the day, but I was to have a nocturnal view. At first, a thin squeaking line flew off into the darkness. Then the entire colony rose from the tree, soaring about on kitelike wings, to begin their nocturnal foraging. As if they had held a conference and agreed on the strategy, they swooped down, their bony wings brushing my face and hair. I was outmaneuvered and ran indoors.

132 The next day was a holiday, dry and hot as any day had been that summer. For a brief space in the afternoon the sunshine grew dim and watery; then, again, hot and bright. A change in weather was impending. We scanned our narrow strip of sky and hoped for one of those refreshing showers. There was only a hazy sky, and now again that peculiar misty sunlight.

Vera, one of the older schoolgirls, had come from the village to make a dress for herself on a school machine, and was hurrying

132 to finish before dark. She was nervous about the weather, but wanted the new dress to wear to Sunday school, so went on with her work.

A hot wind blew through the canyon, bending the trees and swirling the sand about in clouds. Then came a breathless stillness. Vera threw her work aside, and ran out of doors. We followed. With a quick glance at the sky, the girl exclaimed, "Very bad storm up there, very bad!" Vera knew the canyon in all of its moods. She was terrified. So were we. Something sinister was brewing and our strip of sky did not tell us what to expect. If only we could see beyond the rim of that high canyon wall! Suddenly masses of black, heavy clouds boiled into view, rolling and tumbling ominously, the lower folds surging violently upward, those above shooting down in writhing, twisting masses. Through the blackness we caught occasional glimpses of a high greenish ceiling. What would the storm bring? If only wind, the walls would protect us; a hurricane could not negotiate so narrow a gorge; but if the clouds were loaded with water, we were in grave danger.

133 The topography of the surrounding country was against us; the plateau spread, like an open fan, to the south, the east and the west, forming a drainage area of hundreds of square miles which poured its water into our canyon. We didn't realize then that the indentations in the rimrock were old watercourses, which this drainage had cut through the outer limestone walls on its way to our chasm.

132 The stage was set for quick action. The clouds rolled and boiled, but in the canyon there was only stillness, pressing down. The big cottonwood leaves hung limp; the dead air warned of disaster. Then again came that inrush of hot air. The tension eased a little when big, misshapen drops hit the ground with vicious spats. The rain had come, but it was an unnatural rain that filled us with awe.

We retreated to the house and stood in the doorway watching the torrential downpour. Suddenly Vera burst into tears.

"Look! Look!" she cried, pointing to the high canyon wall back of the school building.

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It was covered from top to bottom by a sheet of water. Vera knew what that meant. The canyon might fill to any depth, depending on the quantity of water that poured over the walls added to the amount that fell in the canyon. She wanted the security her own people could give her; they had weathered countless floods. We realized our helplessness, so put a coat about her shoulders and told her to run to the village. She flew down the trail like a frightened deer. Weather-wise as the Indians were, she may have sensed that a cloudburst or storm of destructive violence was imminent. She had barely time to reach the village when the clouds opened, pouring down water in a solid column.

The entire west wall as far up and down the canyon as we could see was now hidden behind a curtain of water. Then the east wall, only fifty feet away, was likewise hidden—more drainage from the mesa! Those curtains, hundreds of feet high, were pouring tons of water into our gorge each moment. The thundering noise made conversation impossible unless we shouted. The confusion bewildered us. We tried, hurriedly, to plan, but still held to the foolish hope that the water would drain off as fast as it came in.

Then came a new danger—something beyond our imagining. With startling suddenness, a full-grown river, boiling with sand and debris, leaped over the east wall with a force that shot it far out into the canyon and a roar that drowned the noise of the storm. We knew then that the plateau was pouring its accumulated drainage down on us. We realized the volume and strength of the current when a large evergreen tree rode its crest and fell, beaten and crumpled, almost at our feet. Nothing could stand against that roaring waterfall. It hurled a boulder over the rim, spun it crazily and smashed it on the ground with an impact that shook the canyon. Other rivers dropped over the rim. Surely the end was near. How long could the gardens, the houses and the people take such a beating? How long could our building stand? Would the sturdy old cottonwood go down?

Our stream of clear, blue water had disappeared. A maelstrom of dirty suds, tumbling stones along its bottom, swept down the

Havasu's bed, spreading across the canyon from wall to wall. Each moment its power was augmented by the increasing drainage from the mesa and by the river that roared down from the upper end of our canyon. We were convinced that the house would go, and could think of only one means of escape—the trails.

We hurriedly decided to try the Lee Canyon trail, fifteen miles long, but not so dangerously steep as the Walapai trail. The rain was coming now in wind-blown sheets. If the trail remained passable, we could reach the mesa. Miss Goenawein and Frances were rushing around preparing to leave, so I put on my raincoat. When we closed the door behind us, we were almost beaten down by the storm; I had the forlorn feeling that this was the end. The mouth of Lee Canyon was a long distance from the school; we would struggle against water and rolling stones just to reach the trail's lower end. After that, the climb to the outside. Any Indian could have told us that boulders and landslides would block both trails; that torrents would tear out their weaker parts, leaving sheer precipices. However, the Indians were looking after themselves; there was not one within sight. Even though the village stood in a wide section of the canyon where the water had room to spread out and would do less damage, the Indians were moving their possessions and their families to places of greater safety.

By keeping to the higher ground in the center of the canyon, we avoided the waterfalls plunging over the rim on either side. The water deepened as the gorge narrowed, but we pushed ahead. Not until we heard the roar did we remember the hazard of the Gap where the passage narrowed to fifty feet, thereby increasing the river's force. The Gap was filled with churning water ten feet deep, thick with mud and tumbling stones. The flood spumed out in front of us, divided into two streams that flanked the center ridge and rolled on to create more havoc below. There was no way to pass this barrier; we stood quite still, staring at it, beaten.

"The Walapai trail!" Francis shouted. "We can't stand here. Stones are cutting my legs."

So we retraced our steps, wading back to the mouth of the

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Walapai Canyon, and followed the trail to the Corduroy Bridge over which our mounts had stepped so gingerly that July day, weeks before. Here too was a gap, narrower than the one that had just turned us back. The torrent leaped over the bridge to the ground, a fall of thirty feet. It cut off our last chance to escape by the trails. We had traveled in a circle, up to the Gap and back, only to meet defeat. Then Frances began climbing the talus of sand and stone banked at the foot of the canyon wall. Here was safety, within a few yards of our house! The talus took us above the flood water. We still got the full force of the storm, but soaked and bedraggled, we felt intense relief in being safe. Our greatest fear had been of being caught in that current, carried over the tremendous Havasu falls and dumped into the muddy Colorado. From this point, we watched the water plunging down the canyon bed, striking tree trunks, boulders or angled walls and shooting long streamers of spray high into the air. It surged against the buildings, ran up the walls, then fell back heavily. Fearful for their survival, we watched our sturdy cottonwoods twist and bend before the onslaught. If they went down, the buildings would go; the canyon would be swept clean.

Then quite suddenly, we sensed a change in the storm; the rain struck with less force. The clouds rolled away and never before had our strip of sky looked so serene, so blue, so beautiful!

We shivered in our wet clothing while the water subsided, which did not take long due to the sharp incline of the canyon floor. Frances began laughing and crying in hysterical relief. To divert her attention, I said, "Imagine how hungry you'd be, Frances, if we had climbed to the plateau; I didn't bring a thing but the clothes I have on."

"I know I brought food," she said. "I remember thinking we might be gone a long time, so crammed a lot of things that we'd need in my pockets."

She pulled a bunch of hairpins from one pocket and from another a few well-soaked slices of bread. All three of us shouted

132 with laughter, released at once from the numbness of strain and fatigue.

We walked back to the buildings, admitting, with chagrin, that we would have been safer and drier had we never left them.

I took my camera and went out to get pictures of the rivers that still cascaded over the rim in five or six places between the school and the village. They were rapidly diminishing in size, but some of them drained in until late the following day.

731 The Indians' gardens and orchards that had been in the path of the main current were washed out and swept over the falls. The houses that stood on low ground were destroyed; however, the sagacity the Indians had acquired through long and bitter experience with floods enabled them to escape without the loss of a life, and with only minor losses of clothing. Each family had a crevice in the canyon walls that made a safe shelter. Here they set up temporary housekeeping.

I expected the children to appear for school Monday morning half-clothed, but only one pair of pants was missing. Six-year-old Dan, face clean, hair brushed and dripping wet, wore his uniform blouse, shoes and stockings, but no pants. He was a comical sight, but no one laughed.

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731 The Indians warned us that nature would deal us another blow before we could settle down with our usual feeling of security—which wasn't very secure, after all. Many columns of stone stood out from the parent wall, separated from it by fissures in which water from rain or melting snow collected. Freezing weather turned the water into ice, increasing the pressure which widened the crack. This freezing and thawing, over a period of years, left the column unattached. A flood brought such sections tumbling down. This new danger was almost as exciting as the flood had been. It was always a gamble with us, not with the Indians, as to which section would topple over. The one directly back of the school building leaned out threateningly, but when I asked Bob for his opinion, he shook his head.

"Him no fall yet," he assured me, and since Vesnor agreed, we

continued our school sessions. The men pointed out another pillar, 133
farther down the canyon, that endangered neither school nor vil- 731
lage, that would come down "four suns, maybe five."

From the day of the flood, falling boulders and landslides had kept us in an unsettled state, but on the fourth day, as the men had predicted, the big column fell. It leaned out from the wall, toppled crazily, its center buckling, and burst apart with a roar as if the gorge itself had split open and was shaking itself to pieces. A bedlam of sound struck the angled walls to be tossed back, echoing and re-echoing until it seemed there would never be an end to it. We hurried down to view the ruin, arriving before the dust had settled, while the stones were still sliding over one another, groaning and grinding as they shifted to a lower level.

The Indians patiently repaired their houses, dried out the fur- 731
nishings, rebuilt fences, replanted gardens and orchards. How 461
many times in the past had they undertaken this same task, I wondered. I wondered, too, at the leisurely way they worked, stopping to gamble a little, to visit and make merry for awhile, or to eat food some neighbor brought. If a task could not be done one way, try another; if it could not be done today, try it tomorrow. They had never worked by a clock, nor permitted time to become their master, so they, as a people, remained cheerful, unhurried.

Portions of the Walapai trail had been wiped out. The Indian 731
men, using their native methods with brush and stones, soon had it passable but dangerous, so we were greatly surprised when several men rode down from the plateau and stopped at the school. One of them, Mr. Jacobs, an engineer in charge of a surveying party on the government reserve, expressed his surprise in finding us alive and the buildings standing. He said, "We watched the storm from our camp a few miles back on the mesa. From there, it looked as if a cloudburst hit right in this canyon. We expected to find this place swept clean as a whistle."

According to his report and that of his men, our danger was as real as it had seemed. But now that it was over, I was prepared.

75/ The next time I was caught in a flood, I'd climb to a crevice and live like an Indian.

Several years later the canyon was again flooded, and this time the destruction was almost complete. The teacher and his wife, the only white people at the school, were no more prepared than we had been. They too had failed to learn from the Indians how to survive a deluge in comfort and safety, so they scrambled to the roof of their house—the same cottage in which we had lived—and climbed from that into the rugged old cottonwood. The old tree weathered the storm, saving their lives. They watched the maelstrom beat against the stone houses until they disintegrated like so many lumps of sugar. Today, the Indians can point out only one stone remaining on the site of the old buildings.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Gods Speak Again

☞ With shocking suddenness we learned that the Blue Water was to be commercialized. Mr. Ewing wrote that an Eastern firm had been granted authority to harness Mooney Falls to manufacture electrical power for distribution to cities in Arizona and neighboring states. Engineers, surveyors and workmen swarmed into the canyon where so few white men had ever ventured. Miners had once worked the ledges on the walls for silver, but never had the Indians' authority over the Blue Water or its canyon been questioned. These white men who were now tinkering with old Mooney Falls did not consult the Indians. They were authorized to complete the project, they explained to me, and, intent upon this, they kept pretty much to themselves. We sensed an intimation of things to come.

Did we owe this quick but orderly invasion to the visit of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve supervisor that day he had accompanied us to Mooney Falls? Had he determined then the power which the falls could generate, and by his report encouraged this firm to speculate? While we pondered these questions and I protested to Mr. Ewing repeatedly, the men quietly but determinedly went on with their work.

The Indians realized now that, before they were through, these white people would fill the canyon. After the machinery was installed, men would remain to attend the plant; their families would come. To whom then would the canyon belong, and who would be

648 forced to go? Who always went when the Indian had land that the white man coveted?

The white men had plenty of cash with which to allay the Havasupai's fears. They bought alfalfa from them for their horses, [482] paying five dollars for the load a woman could carry suspended from a strap across her forehead. They gave a silver dollar to those who posed for a picture. But this proved little compensation for the Indians, who could only stand by and watch as heavy machinery rumbled in along the widened Lee Canyon trail, and old Mooney began to lose her wild timbered beauty. This trail, these falls, everything here had belonged to the Havasupai since the day the gods had led them into the canyon. Lanoman, gray-faced and angry, went about his duties. The foreign men were desecrating the "Mother of the Waters," sacred to his wife and those other dead whose spirits could sometimes be seen rising and falling through the heavy spray.

The Indians feared these invaders as they had never feared the Yavapai or the Apache. They could meet the latter and deal with them as they deserved, but these white men—working like ants, building roads, making permanent improvements—had taken possession without need of battle. Mr. Ewing wrote that the contract had been negotiated in Washington; he was powerless to interfere. And in increasing numbers the white men continued to come.

The Havasupai recalled the story the Navaho had told them of how the white men had elbowed them out of their ancient home. When, in retaliation, they killed those who had stolen their hunting ground, the Great Father in Washington sent soldiers with firesticks, who punished the Navaho, and took the guilty to some far place.

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The people again gave thought to the warning of the Chemehuevi Indian who had come to them as an evangelist, reminding them of the old ways and warning them of the penalties of forgetting the customs of their ancestors. Mr. James, in *Indians of the Painted Desert Region*, recorded the Chemehuevi's impassioned appeal to the Havasupai at a dance where an agent from

the Indian Office had appeared to persuade the Indians, by the offer of farming tools, to send their children to the Fort Mohave Indian School. At that time there was no school in the canyon. The Chemehuevi had been song leader at the dance, and made an eloquent appeal to the people to reject the agent's offer. He had cried: 648 175

> Don't send your children to the school of the white man. If you do, they will grow up with the heart of the white man, and the place of the Havasupai will know them no more. Your tribe will be broken up, and then the white man will come and take possession of your canyon home where the stream ever flows and sings to the waving willows by its side. He will rob you of your corn fields and peach orchards. No longer will the place where the bodies of your ancestors were burned be sacred to you; your hunting grounds are now all occupied by him; the deer and the antelope have nearly disappeared before his rifle, and he is hungry to possess the few things you still have left. This offer is a secret plot against you. He thinks if he cannot drive you out he will seduce you out, and this school is the offer he makes to you, so that he can get your children into his hands. There he will teach them to make fun of you; to despise your method of living; your houses, your food, your dress, your customs, your dances will all be ridiculed by him, and so you will lose the favor of Those Above, and you yourselves will soon die and your name and tribe be forgotten.

And now the Havasupai believed that his prophecy was being fulfilled. The white men had come as predicted and taken over their canyon where the stream ever flowed. Soon they would be a homeless people. 648

Manakadja was deeply troubled. His tribesmen had elected him to his high office because he preached the doctrine that the white man and the Indian cannot live on the same ground; each must have his own, and there can be no encroaching, one on the other. The chief had decreed that no Havasupai blood should mingle with that of the white people, and never in the history of the tribe had there been such a marriage or mingling of blood. 648 622 186

But in the case of these intruders Manakadja was as helpless as any of us; so again the security of the People of the Blue Water rested in the laps of their gods. 648 776

648 And the gods spoke—through a storm cloud—deciding the issue
with one swift blow. Work was progressing toward completion
776 when a flood roared down the canyon, wiping out the widened, costly trail, demolishing the equipment that had disfigured Mooney Falls, and causing the firm such financial loss that the project was abandoned. The white men rode out, one afternoon, over the hastily repaired trail, leaving the canyon to the people to whom it rightfully belonged.

776 The power of the gods was manifest once more, renewing courage and inspiring the whole village with fresh vitality. The people worked in homes and gardens, their former cheerfulness restored by this assurance that the gods who had led them to the canyon and taught them the skills by which they had survived, were still able to defend them.

Their faith in their gods was so sincere, and they spoke of them with such candor, that I might easily have learned how much of their culture the Havasupai attributed to this source. To meet their spiritual needs, they had their god-given songs and dances. To care for their sick, the gods had taught them how to make the *tobolwa* and the songs to be used in the healing ceremony. When they needed fire, the gods, through Coyote, had lighted the torch. These things I knew, but there was so much that I had failed to learn. They traced every skill to a time in the dim past when Those of Old were instructed by the deity. Now it was all too evident that some of these skills were falling into disuse.

177 They had been pottery makers but tin cans and lard pails had
taken the place of clay utensils. Happily, baskets were still plenti-
285 ful in every home. They were strong and somewhat coarse in order
415 to stand up under the rough usage as toasting baskets, burden
252 baskets, water bottles and general containers. However, the watertight cooking basket, used by their ancestors, into which heated stones were dropped to keep the contents boiling, was now a relic of the past. The imperfectness with which these cooked the food and the constant attention they demanded, doomed them to this fate. As the stones had cooled, they were replaced with others fresh

from the bed of hot coals. Broken pieces of stone always had to be 177 picked from the food. So these cumbersome vessels were discarded 285 415 as soon as other containers were available. But the horn spoon, 252 shaped from the horn of mountain sheep, was still in use. Making 321 it was a tedious and lengthy process. The horn was soaked in water, then buried in moist sand until somewhat softened. The next steps —heating, oiling and fashioning the horn into a spoon or ladle— required the skill of long practice. Tin cups, obtained at the trader's store in Seligman, were gradually supplanting the horn spoon, and another skill would soon be forgotten.

In a report on conditions in the canyon for the year 1898, the 241 acreage in cultivation and under fence was estimated at three 433 hundred twenty-five. One thousand bushels of corn and fifty bushels 434 of wheat were grown that year, in addition to an abundance of vegetables and fruits. And the tribe had a cash income of four thousand dollars. At that time, tribal affairs were managed almost 622 wholly by the chief and head men, although the school had been in operation for three years. From the seeds their gods had given them, the Havasupai had reaped their independence.

They preferred their old system of barter and trade to a cash 437 sale. The Navaho were silversmiths and weavers of warm blankets, while the friendly Hopi and Walapai had ponies or goods to trade. A Havasupai could measure out a small tray of beans and—after 436 endless good-natured bargaining—exchange his beans for a fine Navaho blanket. Two spirals of their dried pumpkin or squash had the same value.

Every man of consequence kept a pony in his dooryard and sprang to its back to ride the short distance to a neighbor's wickiup. So horses were eagerly sought. A Hopi pony cost a large well-tanned buckskin or as much shelled corn as a large burden blanket could hold. A man traded, or made gifts, for the girl he wished to 583 marry, presenting her parents with ponies, blankets or grain to the value of about twenty dollars, if the girl was popular. Ten dollars in trade was a fair price for a lazy girl.

The men, of necessity, had developed skills. The tribe needed to 481

481 move about and the obstacles of precipices and gorges could not
stand in the way. They were ingenious in scaling walls, so the
employees at the school merely widened the Indians' trails and
used them. The men produced a superior quality of buckskin by a
281 process of tanning with the roasted brains of deer and the marrow
[237] of the spinal cord. This was a tedious process of scraping, soaking,
burying the skin in wet sand and rubbing it between the hands
until soft and pliable. From these skins they had made moccasins
and clothing for the entire family. But now, "store clothes" were
[177] becoming more and more common.

178 Even before the beginning of this century, the tribe's habits and customs were slowly yielding to the pressure of civilization. The clothes they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their very thoughts were undergoing change. Instead of sitting at their grandfather's knee learning the tribe's history and the traditions that had molded the character of the people, their children were now bent over books in the classroom. At the Sunday services they were learning about a new and strange god.

224 But the loss that stirred the deepest resentment was that of their
648 hunting grounds. In this their gods could do nothing. The super-
stitions and taboos to which a hunter must conform were now
nullified by Arizona's game laws limiting the open season, which
also restricted the use of charms to that brief period when deer
were being slaughtered by the white man's guns. Even the prized
[789 calculus (a solid substance obtained from the paunch of a ruminant)
237] carried by the hunter to charm the deer and make it an easy target,
lost all value.

The restrictions on their hunting range were brought home to me forcibly the day a forest ranger stopped at my office and said, "I'd like to see the one in charge down here."

"I am in charge," I told him.

He regarded me coldly, then made his accusation: "You permit the Indians to kill deer out of season. It's against the law."

Someone had told. A picture flashed through my mind, one that I had acquired only a day or so previously. In the late afternoon, I

was following the trail through the village when laughter and 224
shouting broke the silence. At a home a short distance off the trail, 648
Chickapanyegi, hot and tired, with headband askew, stood by his horse, unlashing from his saddle the carcass of a small deer. My first thought was of the violated game law. I said to him, "You know this is the closed season. Why did you kill that deer?"

He wiped the sweat from his face on his sleeve before he replied, "Indians, deer, here first. White man no here. Now white man make law. We got no meat. My family hungry."

"Eat your meat, now that you have it, but don't break the law again. I can't protect you. You will be taken away from your wife and children and sent to jail."

The crowd had grown while we talked, but they were silent, knowing well enough what was wrong and wanting to see what would be done about it.

They and the deer were here first; a close relationship existed between them. They killed only for food, and the deer spirit understood that. If one of them killed wastefully, the spirit that protected the deer would punish him with sickness and death.

I explained to the forest ranger the Indians' idea as to his ancient relationship to the deer and reminded him that the white man killed for sport, taking the legal limit and leaving to spoil the meat he could not carry away, while the Indian killed game for food and this was a sacred privilege. The ranger was as helpless as I. We both were obligated to demand respect for the law, regardless of our sympathy, but I wanted him to understand their idealistic attitude. The time would come when these Indians would need a friend at court.

"My sympathy is with the Indians too," he admitted, "but that will not keep them out of jail if they break the law."

So Vesnor and Lanoman went through the village, warning every man of the penalty of breaking the game laws.

Life among these people had taught me that we could not force 648
them into an alien mold. We must teach them, lead them, give them time. Suspicion and superstition went hand in hand, con-

648 trolling their actions. I realized that if, quite innocently, I made a decision or gave a dose of medicine and tragedy followed, I would face the same Indians, armed with the same knives and guns, who had demanded that a former teacher retract an order. Two hundred fifty against one was too great a hazard. The pleasure of working with these people had not dulled all thought of needful caution on my part. I still believed that it was better to be safe than sorry. Aside from this, I respected their deep-rooted traditions and primitive customs. So it was easy to make my administration one of give and take. I had violated an order by encouraging Manakadja to keep his two wives; my "take" had been his good will—a powerful influence in my favor.

762 648 Not long after I left the canyon, a decision by the man in charge of the tribe resulted, apparently, in the suicide of a young man. The Havasupai could not tolerate suicide. Murder—yes! What could a man do but kill to avenge a wrong? But a man should not destroy his own life. The body of a suicide could not be burned nor buried with those of their respected dead. Again they reasoned: cause and effect. And they proceeded to take action against the official who had made the decision. A hurried call to the outside for help quieted the rebellion. The old spirit of self-assertion had not yet been completely crushed, but again, as in times gone by, they felt the restraining hand of the white man's law.

648 All too well the Havasupai realized how government control had affected them and their way of life. Their right to kill game for the purposes of food and their freedom to roam would never be restored. One old man expressed the sentiments of all when he cried bitterly, "We are no longer men, but are little children who must *ask* when we go out or come in!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Exodus

In November, Mr. Ewing and an inspector arrived. The matter of quarters became a problem, but we lodged the inspector in the dispensary, although he complained loudly of the odor of drugs, and Mr. Ewing shared the farmer's cottage. 000

Our first task was to count every item of government property from nails to buildings. While we were taking the inventory, Mr. Ewing told me that he was leaving Truxton. "How would you like to remain here in this position?" he asked. "The Indians want you to stay."

"I have just survived a flood—and falling stones," I countered. "Do you know what a flood is like down here?"

"I've heard. They're bad," he admitted.

"Well, I've learned how to escape floods. You simply scramble up to a crevice in the wall. But I'd like to return to my work at Truxton and transfer some of the older Havasupai children to that school. They are eager for the industrial training we could give them in the shops, and it would relieve the congestion in the school here."

The inspector's eyes twinkled when he said, "The truth is, Miss Gregg, the officials in the Indian Office are not sure that you have aged sufficiently to manage the larger school they have planned at Truxton. But don't worry. I have recommended that you be appointed."

I didn't worry, much. The Indian Office had kept me in this

000 canyon several months, instead of the one month originally planned, because they could not find a man with the necessary qualifications who would accept the superintendency at the salary paid. Educators were not clamoring for a chance to work in a canyon, isolated even from the privilege of buying from a grocery store.

Later my appointment as principal teacher of the Truxton Canyon Training School for the Walapai came through. What an imposing title for a new boarding school out in the middle of the desert! I knew that the Indian Office had combed the woods for a qualified man, for the responsibilities of this position were much greater than I had carried in the day school. I knew, too, that the inspector's recommendation had tipped the scales in my favor.

My reports and the school were ready to be turned over to my successor, but before I left the canyon I had a chance to witness the final event on the Havasupai calendar.

221 As jealously as the Havasupai guarded their canyon and as passionately as they loved it, the tang of autumn in the air turned their thoughts to a winter home on the mesa, and started them packing their possessions with a happy abandon. All summer they had planned for this—harvesting, preserving their food, and setting aside a portion to take with them.

Even though it was depressingly hot, the employees as well as the Indians were obliged to work harder through the summer, so that this winter outing might take place. I had taught at Truxton until school was dismissed for the summer vacation, and had quite naturally expected to be free from such duties during July and August. But no; here I must hold school through the summer and fall so that the Havasupai children's vacation might come in the winter. Nothing could be permitted to interfere with this jaunt to the outside.

The Indians used various arguments to prove the necessity for the migration. They claimed that there was not enough wood in the gorge for their cooking fires and to warm their houses. Yet

they had wood to sell. They needed the wild seeds, fruits and roots 221
that grew on top, they insisted. But, when I saw their childish delight as they made their departure, ponies loaded with cumbersome bundles, I knew that they were motivated by the very human desire for change, to get outside, where they could look about, with the full sweep of the vaulted sky above, with endless miles in which to wander.

Not an Indian who was physically able to ride but longed for this trip to the mesa. Only our policemen and the few persons needed to care for the sick and the aged stayed on through the winter.

It was a strange procession that finally departed up the trail. A single file of horses so encumbered by household equipment, clothing and food—all topped by a member of the family—that it looked like a train of bundles, walking off on four feet.

And what mysteries those bundles contained!

Near the village that fall I had watched a young woman glean 222
the ripe fruit from a sprawling bed of prickly pear cacti by catch- 262
ing the fruit between two gathering sticks, and with a quick twist break it free. After removing the spines by swishing the pear with a fiber brush, she tossed the clean pear into the burden basket
on her back. At home any remaining spines would be wiped off [251]
before the fruit was split and laid in the sun to dry. She had approached her task fully prepared with gathering sticks, brush and burden basket. Tied in those huge bundles that obscured their ponies, I knew, were the crude, homemade tools they would use in gathering the many edible wild plants that grew up above.

The pigweed on the mesa should be a luscious bush loaded with small rich seeds. Its leaves, boiled, were eaten as a vegetable; the ripe seeds were toasted, ground and cooked into a mush. Mormon tea would be gathered, dried and stored to be brewed in a refreshing drink. The dry pods of the mesquite were sweet and nourishing; they were chewed for their food value or, reduced to a powder and mixed with water, used as a drink. Fall ripened the fruit of the yucca, which was an important food. After frost, the Indians

222 would comb the desert for the piñon nuts, oily and pungent, as
262 they fell from the pine trees. The desert, which yielded its store of
food to those who knew where to search for it, was ripe for the
harvest.

221 Each day one or more groups climbed the trail, bound for
222 Seligman to loaf about the trader's store, or for the pueblos of the
Hopi or the scattered villages of the Walapai. They would denude
the plateau of its food plants as they traveled. Laughing, shouting
back merry good-bys to us, they climbed the trail. The canyon
seemed full of empty houses.

221 From their talk I gathered a clear picture of their life on the
262 upper level. They would kill an occasional deer or mountain
224 sheep, if no white man were about; even without these there
would be meat, for rabbits were plentiful. They satisfied their need
for sweets by robbing bees' nests hidden in clefts in walls or in
hollow trees. Long ago they had found a cave in a distant cliff
[316] that contained more rock salt than they could use. So with vegetables, meat, salt and honey in addition to the supplies they took
with them, their needs would be satisfied.

221 When harsh winter set in, they would retire to their small, tight
361 winter houses in the cedar thickets and live off their stored foods.
262 One of the most delicious of these was the corn that had been
roasted in the husk, while fresh and green, dried somewhat and
stored. They would cook the ears in boiling water and the grains
would have the sweetness of fresh corn.

Those who had not bothered to bring cooking pots, drew on
252 the desert's reserve by burning the spines from a section of barrel
824 cactus, removing the center pulp, and using the cavity for the old-time method of stone boiling. Accustomed to making the most of
the things at hand in the desert, on the mountains, or wherever they
might be, the women cooked mush and boiled vegetables or meat
in this unique container, giving no thought to the hardship involved.

221 Melting snows and swelling buds would start the wanderers
222 leisurely homeward, pausing on the way to reap a rich harvest

from the agave, commonly called the mescal plant. Families 221
worked in groups, first testing the plants for ripeness by thrusting 222
a sharpened stick into their hearts. If they were soft and juicy, the
harvest was on. With a wooden wedge the women pried the entire
plant from the soil, cut away the outer leaves and tossed the
fibrous pulp into their burden baskets. A large pit was dug, wood 252
put in, set on fire and covered with stones. Someone accustomed to
the task piled the hearts into the heated pit, using a cross layer
to separate the mescal belonging to one family from that of
another. These tasks were performed with high good humor.
When the pit was filled to a depth of four or five feet, the mescal
was covered with a layer of grass and leaves, on which dirt was
piled to hold the heat. At the end of two days, the hearts were
soft and brown. Each woman took her share, spread it on a wide
stone surface, and pounded it into a thin sheet three feet wide
and twice as long. This was quickly dried in the hot sun, then [251]
folded into a slab for convenient storing.

The mescal pit yielded the brown paint about which Carl had 386
told me at Truxton. The stones on which the plants rested in the
roasting pit were heavily coated with the burned juice. This was
either scraped from the stones or soaked in water which was later
evaporated by boiling. When the right consistency was reached,
red mineral paint was added to thicken it to a putty-like substance
of the desired shade for facial decoration.

My successor finally arrived. He was young, friendly, quick to 000
co-operate, and his wife was charming. They were a bit shaken
from the descent of the trail, and appalled at finding themselves
in so deep a gorge, but quickly made their adjustment, and were
eager to begin work. I remained for a few days to help them get
acquainted with conditions and to check the government property,
which I would turn over to him.

Again I fitted my things into the clumsy packsaddles, this time for the trip out. As I packed, the remark made by an Indian lad to a lazy boy who refused to work, ran through my mind: "Well, what are you going to do—just stand there and breathe?" With

000 the Indians out on the mesa, and no school to teach, perhaps the new man would have time to do just that. I envied him. Yet I knew that this was his first association with the Indian people, and he would need the time to become acquainted with those remaining in the village and to understand the Indians' slow transition from primitive life to the complexities of modern civilization.

648 On the day of my departure the few friends who were still in the village came up to say good-by. Vesnor and Lanoman, Walapai Bill, old Captain Gabe came—and precious, old, Gentle Annie, wearing my strawberry-red dress, much dimmed by constant washing in the stream and exposure to sun. We shook hands. Questions were asked, "Why you go? You no come back?" Gentle Annie's gnarled fingers clung to my hand. "You no go," she insisted. "Pretty good you stay."

They were anxious about the future. The one in charge of the reservation could assume almost any authority over them that he pleased; and strong men that they were, they resented being told when they might "go out or come in."

000 Few farewells have been so difficult for me.

At Hilltop that night we cooked our supper on a stove that had been set up in the warehouse for use during inclement weather. We ate outside in the frosty air, only a few yards from that bowl-shaped abyss which had so filled me with awe the last time I stood on its rim. I had been uncertain then as to what I might find at the end of the trail. Now I knew that there were floods, and falling columns of stone; that the thermometer soared to one hundred and seventeen degrees and forgot to come down. But I
[181] knew also that a kindly, trusting people lived there—a people gifted with native wisdom, warm with laughter and carefree play; and children who needed an uncrowded school, offering better opportunities for adjustment to the alien culture we were thrusting upon them. And there were canyon walls with their guarded secrets—one of them a sealed cave filled with the ancient arms and tools of Those of Old.

I climbed to the wagon seat for the two-day drive to Seligman, facing the painful fact that my exodus, unlike that of the People of the Blue Water, would be final. When the snow melted, and the old cottonwoods felt the touch of the warm sun, the wanderers would return. I had a pang of regret in realizing that my successor would have the fun of hearing the exciting stories of the winter's exodus and witnessing their eagerness to work again in their gardens while it was "little light." Yet I found consolation in the thought that a larger field of service awaited me at Truxton where some of the older Havasupai children would join us to share the greater opportunities.